The Saturday Evening Post

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TRUST.

"God stays the waves of the sea upon the shore, and he stays them with sand."

Tried soul, sink not, though all is dark,
And maddened billows rave,
And threat to swallow up thy bark
In their deep yawning grave;
God with you, you will reach the land,
The ocean's waves He stays with sand.

Trust thou in Him, thy flag unfurl;
Fear nought—thy sails expand;
Keep thou His word, hold fast the pearl
Of truth, thou'lt safely land;
Then fear thou not, but keep His ways;
The ocean's waves with sand He stays.

When lowering cloud and angry tide
Obscure the haven fair,
Within thy soul let faith abide
That God will guide thee there;
He bids the roaring waves be still;
With tranquil calm they hear His will.

When wav'ring faith's weak fears make dim
And drear the narrow way,
Thy failing heart lift then to Him
Whom winds and seas obey;
Them in the hollow of His hand
He holds, and stays their waves with sand.

When sorrow's night hides from thy view
The lengthening way, keep as thy chart
His Holy Book, 'twill keep thee true
If thou'lt embalm it in thy heart.
The waves he holds, His bounds cannot be pass'd;
Then keep thy trust, thou'lt reach the port at last.

CUT ADRIFT:

OR,

The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "SYDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

JASPER CAMERON MAKES A FRIEND.

"I don't know whether I am right or not," Dora said wearily. "Fate has closed around me like a web. I don't know which way to turn."

"Wait patiently, my child. There may be a break in the clouds by-and-by."

"And you think—oh, will Ralph *ever* forgive? But, Catherine, I am afraid it is too late to hope for much. Can it ever be made right? If Ralph would come—"

"You spoke of writing again—" Catherine ventured timidly.

"Not after what Jasper Cameron said." She had dragged the truth out of the woman, word by word. "Oh, if I could only tell what to do."

And so Dora tossed restlessly upon her pillow. Catherine went about her household tasks, for Mark was coming home that night. What would he say to Dora's trouble? He had a generous heart, so there was no fear of his grudging the poor creature a home. And though Catherine racked her brains for expedients, she did not see how they could have done any differently. More than once she had been tempted to go to Mr. Tremaine and tell him how Dora suffered. One thought alone restrained her. If he believed that Dora was not his wife, and as such hesitated to see her, through any feeling of displeasure or sense of propriety, it would be hardly right to force him into her presence. Dora loved him with passionate, yearning tenderness, and perhaps in a weak moment it might mislead them both. No, it was not advisable to thrust them into temptation.

She was glad enough to welcome Mark, with his grave smile and quiet greeting. He had come up the side entrance through the garden.

"You look troubled, Kate," he said slowly. "You've not been worrying the week through like a foolish child!"

"Yes, Mark, I've wanted you sadly. Not because I was so lonesome, for I've had a visitor since Tuesday, but I've been sore troubled. Let us go out in the garden a bit, I can tell you better there."

Mark followed her and listened to her story, much surprised, it must be confessed.

"She's made a great mistake, the poor thing," was his response. "She should have gone to Mr. Tremaine at once, and not given the villain a chance to tell his story first."

"But, Mark, she couldn't. She fainted dead away in my arms, and this morning is the very first that she has been out of her bed. I think he might have come. It seems so cold and angry like for him to stay away, and he so tender of her!"

"But she isn't his wife," Mark said sturdily. "Maybe his brain's clearest about the matter. He's sent to see if she has every thing comfortable?"

"No, not even that, though he must know that I'd feel like a mother towards her."

"Then the man's angry, Catherine. Mr. Tremaine isn't one of your hot-headed people who flare up in a minute and are over it in the next. He thinks a thing about before he decides, and when his mind is once made up, it's there, and the hope of changing it can be but small."

Catherine sighed. She had felt so herself.

"Of course we will keep her as long as she wishes to stay?" she said slowly.

"Yes. Poor child, poor Miss Dora! Who would have thought of anything like that!"

And so Dora found a friend in Mark, none the less true or warm because his words were few.

Sunday dawned upon them, a long, quiet day of rest. Dora even gave up her perplexed thinking, for there would be no calls to trouble her. Jasper Cameron would keep away; and now that they had reached a definite agreement, she could resign herself to a certainty, for she knew well that she was not likely to change. If he only kept his word—and why should he not? So she dismissed him from her mind, and tried to live over the many delightful Sundays she had spent at Woodlea, going to church with Ralph in the morning, and the long delicious evenings when he had told her about his mother and his early home, the losses that had at one time clouded his life, his toils and hopes, and last of all his love for herself. Or else he read, and his voice had a peculiarly low, sad touch that brought the tears as often as the pathos of the verse. What was he doing now—the first Sunday evening that they had ever been separated? Was he lonely—longing for her?

He had been wretched enough the whole week, but on this day it seemed to have culminated. Perhaps because he had nothing to divert his attention. He did not take his accustomed walk to church that morning, but as soon as breakfast was ended, shut himself up in the library. Here in this very room a stranger had declared himself the true and lawful husband of Dora Verner, and told a story that he had no means of disproving. There was one fact that stamped it with truth, Dora remaining so long away. He had been wild to let the man come and go and learn nothing of him but his name, not even the place Dora had selected for her refuge. But Cameron had said she was quite free to act for herself, so at least she could write a note. One wild tender regret for the absence, the trouble she had brought upon them both, would have led him to her feet. Could he believe her so cold, so false!

Even then he must see her, and arrange some definite plan for their future life. Alas! what could it be? Mr. Cameron might weary her with entreaties and persecutions until he wrung from her despair a reluctant assent, and she, seeing herself thrust into his power by circumstances, and not knowing whither to turn, might feel compelled to yield to his claim.

Then came back all the doubts with which he daily fought, each trivial link in the chain that made it appear so much as if she had been expecting this very summons. And then, cruellest of all, her two years' silence—that he would not call by so severe a name as deceit.

He had been too much stunned in his interview with Jasper Cameron to make any necessary inquiries. He regretted it very deeply now. If he knew where to find the man, even if he had made him promise to come again—but to be left entirely in the dark was terrible. If this Cameron were a gentleman he certainly must have lodgings somewhere, men of his stamp usually affected hotels. To-morrow then he would begin another search. Oh, he must see Dora!

Jasper Cameron had lodgings at a quiet and very aristocratic hotel. The man was a perfect Sybarite when he had money, and yet he had laughed gayly to himself while munching a breakfast of dry rolls in a cheerless attic. He had known many changes of fortune and had various resources. Now he considered himself a gentleman of leisure, and had already made a favorable impression on most of the ladies. Indeed, he prided himself considerably on the facility with which he could gain the ear of the fair sex.

"I LOVE THE WOMAN!" SAID JASPER CAMERON.

After leaving Dora, he sought his hotel in a very complacent state of mind, and made himself ready for dinner with the nicest care. All his little appointments were faultless. The handkerchief he flourished was of the finest cambric and delicately scented, and his clothes fitted him with a perfection that spoke of Paris.

Glancing idly over the bill of fare did not keep from remarking the late comers. Now and then he gave a polite nod and had it graciously returned. He ordered his dinner with the air of a prince in disguise. Just as the waiter was at one elbow he glanced up to make a slight correction, when he saw two ladies enter, one tall, with an elegant figure and wonderfully handsome face, the other small and slight, much older, and in no wise remarkable. She was first to see Jasper Cameron and recognized him with a pleased smile. The beauty followed a moment after.

Jasper Cameron was quite elated. At Florence and Paris Mrs. Merrivour had been a star of the first magnitude, at New York she was not likely to be less. A rich widow, looking not a day over twenty-five, and with the air of a princess. He was glad to have met them abroad, it would be a kind of voucher for his respectability were any needed.

He managed to pass them in the wide hall, opposite the parlor. The elder lady turned and held out her hand.

"What a pleasant surprise, Mr. Cameron," she said.

"Most delightful to me. Are you well, Mrs. Lester, and you too Mrs. Merrivour?"

"Still suffering from the fatigues of the journey," the beauty replied with a languid grace.

"We only arrived last night," Mrs. Lester said. "Dear Edith had a very trying time on the passage, indeed she has had shock after shock for the last six months. It is remarkable that she is not entirely worn out. I didn't want her to return in the heat of the summer, but she was wild to see her native land once more. Seven years is a long exile, Mr. Cameron."

They entered the parlor during this speech, and Mrs. Merrivour seated herself by an open window, where there was just room for the other two.

"If you will please not to mind me," she said in a soft, beguiling tone, for nature had been niggardly in nothing with this woman, "I am too utterly stupid to be agreeable, but it will be quite a treat to have you talk over old times with mamma, who has had no society but my dull self for weeks. That is, if you are not bored. Mamma, Mr. Cameron may have found much more delightful acquaintances than we are."

"Indeed, I have been in the city barely a fortnight, and like you was an exile before that. Most of the time I have been quite perplexed with some business."

"It seems strange to return under such different circumstances," Mrs. Lester sighed. She was a pathetic little woman, fond of living over her sufferings. In our first year abroad I lost Mr. Lester, and in our last, Edith has been called to drink the cup of bitterness."

Something like the shadow of a haughty smile crossed the face of Mrs. Merrivour. Her bitterness had ended with bereavement. The morning she had looked upon her dead husband's face had been a day of jubilee in which she had come to freedom. But Mrs. Lester would have cried over the grave of her bitterest enemy, not because she was of so generous a nature, but a plastic one, which received new impressions easily, and thought each one deeper than anything she had ever known before.

"I am afraid it will seem rather lonely here for you." Jasper Cameron abominated talking sentiment to weak, middle-aged ladies, but he wanted to stand well in Mrs. Merrivour's graces.

"I was saying to dear Edith this morning that few women stood so entirely alone as we. I believe we have but one relative in the world. Of course one can find an abundance of friends, but it seems to me there is a great deal of truth in the homely old Scotch proverb—'bluid is thicker than water.'"

"How odd," Jasper Cameron said. "I am reduced to one relative also, an aunt whom I thought dead long ago."

"A very curious coincidence," Mrs. Lester returned. "I am sure we can sympathize with each other."

And then she branched into a sad retrospect of families being broken up, or scattered far and wide, and rambled back to the days of her childhood. She had a soft, purring voice that flowed pleasantly along, and an accent that was almost foreign. Jasper Cameron listened to the sound without paying much attention to the matter until she chanced upon something that startled him from his reverie. In telling some event of her early days she used her maiden name—Tremaine.

"Excuse me," he interrupted suddenly—"Tremaine, you said?"

Mrs. Lester glanced deprecatingly at Edith, who frowned a little and then flushed.

"It is a family name," she announced haughtily, "though not an unusual one."

"Some circumstances of a peculiar nature have brought it under my notice. Is a Mr. Ralph Tremaine any connection of yours?"

Mrs. Merrivour colored again. Mrs. Lester almost stared at her daughter, if anything so mild deserves so forcible an expression.

"Mamma, Mr. Cameron is waiting for an answer," the daughter returned with graceful self-possession, but the listener had remarked her momentary agitation.

"Yes," Mrs. Lester said hesitatingly, as if not quite sure of her ground. "Ralph Tremaine was my cousin, but we were brought up together, and he always appeared like a brother. He had one son—named after him, the only one of his children who outlived infancy. Their mother was very delicate—consumptive."

"And this Mr. Tremaine lives up the Hudson, at a place called Woodlea? Did you know his wife?"

"No, he has been married since we went abroad."

Then she glanced questioningly at her daughter. Mrs. Merrivour was in a state of the most superb indifference.

"You will see him, if he is your only connection?"

This was partly question, partly assertion.

"I don't know—that is—" and the little lady paused, confused.

"Mamma means, I suppose, if he deigns to call us to remembrance," Mrs. Merrivour said softly.

Jasper Cameron ran over the ground like a mental athlete or gymnast. He seemed to take in all, from highest to lowest—this handsome woman evidently held some sort of grudge against her cousin, if he could be called that. There might have been an old love affair, for Merrivour was more than twice her age—should he offer her a salve to her vanity in admitting to her that Tremaine had found a flaw in his happiness as well? If the two should meet, would it not be better to have Mrs. Merrivour's prejudices arrayed against Mrs. Tremaine? Women were not proverbially tender of women. Not that he designed to injure Dora permanently, for his idea of bringing Colby to terms, as he phrased it, had given him quite a feeling of generosity towards her. It was his best plan for the present to keep Dora isolated from friends, and any influence that might lead her to cast a suspicion upon him by any unlucky confession. If he only knew whether Mrs. Merrivour had any lingering regard for Mr. Tremaine, but here, as usual, he must strike in the dark. All this and much more occupied him scarcely a second, for he was given to rapid thinking.

He sighed pensively. "I wish you knew Mrs. Tremaine," he ventured.

There was a silence that would have been awkward but for Mrs. Merrivour's superb self-possession. She waved her mourning fan with rare grace, and glanced indifferently about her.

Mrs. Lester felt very uncomfortable, Ralph Tremaine was a sort of tabooed subject between mother and daughter, and here she was deep in it unwittingly. She had an old, tender regard for Ralph.

"Have you met her?" she asked timidly.

"Yes, since my return, and seven years ago, before I left America. Indeed there is a strange and painful romance connected—with us all, I might say," and Jasper Cameron sighed again.

Mrs. Merrivour paused in her indolent fanning and lowered her eyes with an air of attention. He was so keenly on the alert that not a breath escaped him, and this faint sign determined him to proceed.

He glanced around. There were but few in the parlor, and their position was quite secluded.

"My dear Mrs. Lester," he began in a most winning tone, "the kindness you have shown me in times past, tempts me almost to tell you my story and ask counsel. I have no mother nor sister to whom I can turn in this strait. For the past week I have suffered pangs of the deepest anguish, scarcely knowing which step to take, for at every point some feeling and principle of right seemed to conflict. Without meaning to commit the slightest sin, we three people, by some singular turn of fate, have rendered ourselves absolutely amenable to the laws of the land, at least, I cannot help identifying myself with them, seeing that I am in part the cause of the misfortune."

Mrs. Merrivour gave him a sharp glance. In this softened light his face had grown sad and tender. Her knowledge of the world rendered her a trifle suspicious, and she had no desire to be dragged into a questionable confidence.

Mrs. Lester was startled out of prudence or consideration. In an agitated voice she exclaimed—

"Not Ralph Tremaine! As boy and man he was the very soul of honor! Why, he beggared himself that there should not be a whisper against his father's good name. No, he cannot have committed any crime!"

"Indeed he has not," returned Jasper, warmly. "It is rather a fateful accident. I have seen the man but once, and I esteem him highly. The story is long to tell in detail, but can be summed up briefly. Years ago I married a young girl, a mere child indeed. I was on the eve of a long absence, so the ceremony was quite private. On my voyage out I was wrecked, and reported lost. In the meantime her mother died, and she changed her residence—and so my letters, when I could write, missed. The friend to whom I applied, could find no trace of her; and there being no tie to recall me to my native land, I have spent years in wandering. And she married Ralph Tremaine."

Mrs. Lester gave an exclamation of surprise and pain. Edith Merrivour was roused from her graceful listlessness. She studied the face before her intently, but Jasper Cameron was not in the habit of carrying his motives so plainly.

"Good Heavens! Poor Ralph!" and Mrs. Lester began to sob in her black bordered handkerchief. "Oh, Mr. Cameron, it can't be true!"

"Hush, mamma, do not proclaim Mr. Cameron's misfortune to the world," said Mrs. Merrivour, gently. "If you would like to hear the story, I think it would be better to retire to our own parlor; that is, if it is not quite too painful for, Mr. Cameron?"

"I should like to be judged impartially, by a woman;" was the low reply.

So the three rose and sought the retirement of Mrs. Merrivour's parlor.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW HAND IN THE GAME.

Jasper Cameron told his story well, in spite of the few melodramatic touches. If his endeavors to find Dora had no existence save in his own brain, his listeners certainly could not know that. There was an air something like humility about him that gave a power and pathos to his recital—and with an eye for effect, he brought in the sequel most artistically. Dora's surprise, the fact of her having kept the secret from Tremaine, her irresolution and delay, were so tinctured with his coloring, that they roused the indignation of the two women, as he meant they should.

"It scarcely sounds credible," said Mrs. Merrivour, "but we know there are circumstances in life, as singular as any romance. Have you thought of the end?"

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"I love the woman!" To give more force to his words Jasper Cameron paced the room softly. "As I have said—I would forgive all the past and take her back to my heart with one assurance that she loved me."

"You are a generous man!"

Mrs. Merrivour felt the words she uttered. If, in the years to come, one other man would forgive as grandly and freely,—was it not possible for one other woman to be blest?

"I don't know. I think sometimes it would have been better if I had kept silence and gone away.

"It certainly would not have been *right!*"

She could see the force of justice here.

"If Mrs.—if Dora could be won to her first allegiance—and I gather a faint hope from the fact that she has consented to wait, to let me prove my affection for her, before her refusal is positive and final. You do not think me—unjust, even if I have been hasty?"

"It was your duty," Mrs. Merrivour said, almost coldly. "Remembering what tie links you to this unfortunate Mrs. Tremaine, my regard for you would keep me from blaming her too severely, but I do not think she has acted with the frankness that might reasonably be expected of her. It is a sad mistake, of course, and one can only hope that it will be rightly settled at the last."

Mrs. Lester cried profusely, and sympathized first with one, then with another; but like her daughter, had the most blame for Dora, though hers was more outspoken.

Jasper Cameron glanced at his watch.

"I fear I have trespassed unconscionably," he said, "but I must thank you for your sympathy and regard. Since you do not altogether condemn my course, I feel that I cannot have been led utterly astray by my love and regret. And I am the more thankful for this opportunity, because it is necessary for me to be absent from the city next week."

He bowed himself out of the room with the utmost politeness, but in the hall he gave a triumphant smile.

"Another trump card!" was his whispered commendation. Then he lighted a cigar, and took a stroll through several quiet squares.

Edith Merrivour stood just where he had left her for many moments, until she was roused and rather annoyed by her mother's sobs.

"Poor, dear Ralph!" Mrs. Lester exclaimed. "Oh, it's dreadful—isn't it? To think of that wretched, deceitful woman, marrying him when she had one husband! Don't you believe he would see us now, Edith, after his trouble! That softens people sometimes."

"If he *will* see us, I shall explain the past to him," Edith said, in a steady voice. "He shall not mis-judge me now, when there is no necessity of regarding another woman's happiness."

"It wasn't my fault, my poor darling, you know that. Your papa had such a terrible will; and no one can say but that I obeyed, like a little child. Not that I mean to find any fault, and he cold in his grave—"

"Never mind, mamma—it cannot be helped now. But for that letter, I should have married Ralph, and been a happy wife—yet I don't blame you."

"You are such a dear, generous girl, Edith—my only comfort in this world of care. Poor Ralph! Of course he will get a divorce."

"Mamma, you are tired and agitated, and must go to bed. We will talk it all over at our leisure—for at present it is such a surprise."

She uttered this very gently, and her mother yielded, as she usually did. Edith Merrivour had learned to gain her point without any unladylike show of temper or displeasure. Her most intimate friends abroad pronounced her an angel; but it was indolence and apathy rather than any high principle or sacrifice of self.

Standing there in silence, she said over again—"but for that letter I should have married Ralph Tremaine." She believed it firmly now, in the light of her years of experience, and the mean, barren, unsatisfactory life she had led. And yet if she could have gone back to that day and been Edith Lester and looked on Ralph Tremaine, struggling to gain for her sake the position and wealth he had given up for his father's good name, poor and reduced to the strictest economies of life, and on the other hand on Archibald Merrivour worth a million, and ready to lay it at her feet, she would have made the same choice. For the petted and aristocratic Edith Lester had a horror of poverty. I doubt if even now she would have given up her fortune and become a poor man's wife, for love of Ralph Tremaine.

Events had fostered the regard. She and Ralph had been thrown much together through their early years, and loved almost unconsciously. During the latter part of Mr. Tremaine's life he had become deeply immersed in speculations that proved most disastrous. Dying suddenly, Ralph found upon examination, that not only were there no assets, but that several sums his father had been entrusted with, were also swallowed up. The fortune he had inherited from his mother, was applied to the instant liquidation of these debts, and Woodlea mortgaged to its utmost, for Ralph Tremaine was prouder of a good name than of all the wealth of the world. When no man could say that he had been wronged a farthing, Ralph took his place in the ranks with an undaunted front, and commenced the hard fight for the world's favor and prosperity. For awhile it seemed as if circumstances were all against him. Mr. Lester was among the first to ridicule the young man's Quixotism, as he called it, in so scrupulously fulfilling his father's engagements. It had also led to a coolness between himself and Edith, who foresaw a wearisome engagement, or a marriage that did not look attractive to her youthful eyes, dazzled with continual glitter and homage.

The Lesters had always lived in elegant style; but those best informed on the subject, believed that the fair Edith's portion would be by no means extravagant. At this juncture Mr. Merrivour laid his hand and fortune at her feet, won by her beauty and fascinations.

A man worth a million, rumor said, and apparently well enough in all other respects. Not a bad-looking person, and holding his age remarkably, affable, lavish in his gifts and his attentions—and Edith was not a little elated with her triumph. Day by day the temptation grew upon her; and if anything more was needed, her father supplied it daily. Indeed, they had more than one stormy scene. A word to Ralph would have ended the persecution—but she was not quite sure that it was wisest to relinquish Mr. Merrivour.

One evening Ralph had an interview with Mr. Lester, Edith being at the opera. It must be confessed that he rather exceeded the bounds of truth in announcing his daughter's engagement in such positive terms, yet it had greeted Ralph's ears before this night. To make it still more certain he instructed the servants if Mr. Tremaine called, to say that Miss Edith was out or engaged. Failing to see her, Ralph had recourse to a note which the weak, obedient wife placed in the hands of her lord and master.

Edith Lester fancied that she yielded to circumstances, when, had Mr. Merrivour been a man of ordinary means, no pressure would have induced her to take the step. She knew of the prohibition, and before her wedding day her mother foolishly confessed the abstracted letter.

Ralph was away at this juncture. "It is too late now," Edith said, heroically, and made the most elegant bride of the season in satin and point lace. When Ralph returned she was in Europe, whither her parents soon followed her, and the next announcement was Mr. Lester's death.

I think Edith Merrivour might have forgotten this little episode, had her life been a tolerably pleasant one. Mr. Merrivour proved a jealous, tyrannical, unreasonable husband. Edith went clothed in velvet and diamonds, indeed her husband spared no expense, but one dollar unaccounted for was sufficient to make him storm fearfully. He was proud of the admiration she excited, but the most simple word or look set him raving like a madman. At first Edith met these demonstrations with fire and spirit. She even declared to her mother that she would not endure it, but return to her native land alone, if need were.

"My poor darling, what could we do!" exclaimed the mother in terror. "My income you know is barely sufficient for my simple wants—not but that you would be welcome to every dollar if it could help you. And Mr. Merrivour might compel you to return. He's never done anything cruel, you know, and the law is all on a man's side."

The argument was neither logical nor convincing, but a consciousness stronger than that swayed Edith. When it came to the truth she was too proud to own herself beaten with a weapon of her own choosing. She steeled herself to these petty insults and tyrannies, grew regally indifferent, and in her heart dreamed over Ralph Tremaine's tenderness, fancying herself more of a martyr every day. His marriage was a heavy blow—she had taken great comfort in believing that he could never love another woman. Then came her husband's illness and death, and Edith Merrivour was free while she still had youth and beauty.

She was glad to give up foreign life, for so much of it had become hateful in her eyes. Mrs. Lester agreed to anything that her daughter proposed. She hardly knew herself when free from bondage, and would willingly have let her daughter play the tyrant, had she so desired. But Edith's experience had rendered her rather cold, self-contained, and with a lofty indifference, quoted by most people as the perfection of temper.

This was Edith Merrivour's story. She had grown no grander or tenderer for her trials. Looking back at them she blamed fate, and her father, and believed sincerely that she would have been a true, noble and loving woman if she had been free to follow her own desires.

How she should meet Ralph Tremaine, or if at all, she had hardly thought. Fate had opened a door for her. Should she hesitate and let the opportunity pass.

She drew a dainty little writing case towards her, opened to the black edged paper with its fanciful antique monogram. Then she found her pen as if under the influence of some spell, and began to write.

"Dear Friend—If you could know *all*, you would believe that I have not forfeited every claim to friendship. Still, I had not thought to call myself to your remembrance, and might have lived for years at your very side without making any sign, but for a singular circumstance. I have just heard your story from a gentleman whom I met abroad, and who has been one of the unwitting actors in the sad tragedy. My mother's heart is most broken about you. Does not the kinship of suffering lead us to forget what was painful in our past, and draw us together as friends in truth, as well as word? It has emboldened me to send you this card and ask of you the favor of one call, at least. Your cousin,

EDITH MERRIVOUR."

"Any woman might write that," she said softly. Then she folded it, slipped in her address, directed the envelope, and summoned the servant.

"It is important that this should reach its destination as early on Monday morning as possible," she said, placing it in his hands.

"Edith," called her mother from the adjoining room. "O, I thought I heard you going out."

"You are nervous," Mrs. Merrivour returned.

"I can't help thinking of Ralph. What will they do? For she certainly is Mr. Cameron's wife."

"Do not worry about that to-night," the daughter said coldly, and Mrs. Lester soon fell asleep.

Mrs. Merrivour brooded awhile over the untoward fate that she believed had wrecked her life. Nothing in it had compensated for the great sacrifice. How much of it she might have hindered she never asked herself.

The ladies were not down again until dinner the next day. Mr. Cameron was polite and attentive, with the least touch of care in his demeanor, but he judged it wise not to force his society upon them. If Mrs. Merrivour should be questioned closely, it would be as well for her to know little besides his story.

Edith was not surprised on Monday when Ralph Tremaine's card was brought up by a servant. Mrs. Lester sat in her dressing gown, crying over a book.

"Mamma," Edith said, casting a quick glance around, "go change your dress and make yourself presentable. Mr. Tremaine has come. When I am ready for you I will call;" and she hurried her mother toward the opposite door.

"Dear Ralph!" began Mrs. Lester, confusedly. "Why, how did he know?—he must have seen our names registered."

"Hush," was the daughter's soft command, and the door closed between.

She heard a slow step in the hall, and went forward—shocked, as she held out her hand silently to Ralph Tremaine. He had not been handsome in those old days, but even in deepest trouble she had never seen such a worn and haggard looking face. She had rehearsed the scene dozens of times in her mind, but the surprise and unaffected pity were better allies than any of her graceful passions or griefs.

"Edith!"

He uttered the name a little timidly. Like a dim dream her perfect beauty came back to him. Not a shadow lingered about her; indeed, I think under any circumstances Edith Merrivour's good looks would have been her first consideration—not that she was a vain woman either.

The knowledge that he had not quite outgrown her power gave her a sense of satisfaction.

"I was in considerable doubt after I had sent," she said in a soft, tender tone that some women use to such advantage. It had been as potent a charm with her as her beauty.

"No," eagerly, and still keeping the hand that he had taken. "I am glad—"

Mr. Tremaine made a long pause, growing paler every instant.

"Oh, Ralph!"

A sort of pitiful exclamation that was not a cry, but somehow brought them still nearer together.

"You said you had suffered—" and he looked as if to find some traces in the fair face.

"Yes, Ralph, the whole world might consider me mercenary and base, and it would scarcely give me a pang, but when I found that through treachery you were made to believe me false, my whole soul rose in rebellion. It was too late to alter one event. I was another's, and I had no right to reinstate myself in your esteem by any sacrifice, so I suffered in silence. I think I should never have told you unless I were dying, but now no one can be wounded by your listening—"

"You were not false!" Somehow he was glad at that moment to believe that all women were not utterly untrue.

"I was not. Do you care to know more?"

Edith Merrivour had learned that some of the simplest touches were most forcible and dramatic. She would not thrust her story upon him.

"Yes, I want to hear it all, Edith. I bore much pain and anguish in those old times. When we come to new pangs, the past seems to rise out of its grave."

At that moment he was more Edith Merrivour's despairing lover than Dora Verner's husband, yet it was from no wavering in his present affection. If he could go back to where he stood less than a week ago with Dora, and hear her say—"The wife who loves you," Edith's confession would be a thing in which he had no interest.

They had been standing, but now she motioned him to a seat, taking one at a little distance.

"Yes, when I wrote that note I felt that I could explain honorably. Forgive my desire that you should know the truth."

"There can be nothing to pardon in that." Now that he no longer held her hand, he was Ralph Tremaine again, with a great sorrow of his own.

"It seems cruel to tear open the grave and bring up the dead for judgment, but you know my father, and will be merciful, even as I learned to be under harder circumstances. You can doubtless recall one conversation you had with him. I was absent at the time. I learned afterward that he informed you of my engagement with Mr. Merrivour, but I had not at that time accepted him. The servants were instructed to refuse you admittance on one pretext or another, and your letter never reached me. I *was* wounded at your going away without a word, and yielded to the pressure from almost every source, weakly enough, no doubt. We see afterward where a little firmness might have saved us, but in youth we rarely pause to consider."

Ralph Tremaine judged her tenderly now. He forgot the many hours of feverish anxiety when he had haunted streets and places of amusement, and how she had kept him at a distance, been cold when he looked for smiles, made conditional promises that were more easily broken than kept. He had viewed the matter with clearer eyes than he was likely to use to-day. Had he been a happy husband he might have felt carelessly indifferent toward her. I do not mean that he warmed into anything beyond a friendly regard, but it softened his judgment, made him less critical and exacting.

"I am glad to hear this, Edith," he said slowly. "Heaven knows that I am sorry for every thought that has wronged you. Even then I could see that Mr. Merrivour might be attractive to a woman reared in luxury. I had so little to offer—the unreasoning love of youth that believes in the wildest impossibilities. But it is all past—past. Let us be friends."

He held out his hand. Whatever love there had been for her once was dead. That knowledge struck to her heart with a chill.

"For I need a friend sadly."

There had been one daring thrill of hope when she first heard his story, but now it slipped away like a pale ghost. She said to herself that she had loved him with deeper faithfulness than he had loved her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A good story is told of a Connecticut railroad president, who went into a large jewelry establishment recently to buy a watch. Some worth twelve hundred dollars apiece were shown to him, "Are you sure they are reliable timekeepers?" asked the president. "Certainly," replied the clerk, "and as a proof of the fact let me add that two of the conductors upon the —— and —— railroad (mentioning the road of which the purchaser was president) have them!" "Indeed," said the president, "a very good recommendation, but they are too expensive for me."

☞ An Iowa paper, intending to tell us that a prisoner escaped, says: "The constable and prisoner disagreed as to which was the best route, and, as the prisoner has not been heard from since, it is supposed that he took the wrong road."

☞ Errors, to be dangerous, must have a great deal of truth mingled with them; it is only from this alliance that they can ever obtain an extensive circulation; from pure extravagance and genuine, unmingled falsehood, the world never has, and never can, sustain any mischief.—*Sydney Smith.*

☞ A Minnesota steer recently had the misfortune to have a hay-stack cave in over him. His owner discovered him two weeks afterwards, fat and hearty, having eaten his way thirty feet through the stack.

☞ When the German people began to purchase United States bonds they were sold for forty cents on a dollar. Now they are eighty. The Austrian securities which then sold for eighty are now down to forty.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $75. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the first of the year. Additions can be made to clubs beginning at that time, at the club rates, and we will supply the back numbers. Of course it is necessary that all the subscriptions in a club should end at the same time.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

The Red Court Farm.
By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

A New Novelet
BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A New Novelet
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

THE CLIMATE OF ITALY.

As so many seem to believe that the climate of Italy is unsurpassed, we give an extract of a private letter recently received from a friend who has been staying in Rome for a while this past winter. He says:—

I think that there has been more romance in relation to Italy than any other place under the sun. Probably this has arisen from our having obtained our information mostly through English sources. An Englishman can leave his home at the most pleasant part of the year, run over to Italy in the course of a week, spend some time there, and be absent for a couple of months. At home he left a cloudy, murky atmosphere—there, he finds sunshine and a clear sky, and he is delighted. But the climate is a most treacherous one: warm in the middle of the day—but you must not venture out for some time in the morning, and should be in at least an hour before sundown. Malaria prevails everywhere, and the inhabitants themselves are obliged to be most careful.

Americans who come over sight-seeing, are most imprudent.

The palaces have floors of brick and stone; no fire-places—perhaps a pan of coals set in the middle of the room, and the atmosphere is cold and damp. Our people take no precautions upon entering. Some of the Germans, more sensibly, carry with them socks, which they put on upon entering, and take off when they leave. The feet become very cold, the body chilled. This, attended with fatigue engendered by standing and looking, all tend to create sickness.

This is precisely the same account which was given us a number of years ago, by a friend who took his consumptive wife to Italy to spend the winter. He said that they never suffered so much from dampness and cold in their lives.

We are inclined to think that in nine cases out of ten, the best place for an invalid—especially in winter—is home. In travelling you cannot get those numberless little conveniences which an invalid has at home, and misses so greatly.

How often is it that invalids are sent abroad, only to be ordered by foreign physicians home again, to their "native air," as their only chance of life.

The proper time, it seems to us, to go abroad for health, is before the constitution has become much impaired by disease. Oppose the beginnings of ill-health, if you choose, by the relaxation of travel and change, and thus restore the tone and vigor of the body. But, as the old adage has it, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and the favorable moment once passed, it is often impossible to regain health, save at the cost of a long season of rest and careful attention to the demands of the ailing system. And foreign travel, when this utter breaking-down has come, oftener succeeds, we think, in accelerating the progress of disease, than in building up the constitution into new strength and life.

THE HOME WEEKLY.—In answer to several letters, we may say that the Home Weekly of this city, has been discontinued. As almost everybody seems to think that you have only to start a weekly paper nowadays, and get at once a large circulation, we may state that within the last three years probably the snug sum of fifty thousand dollars has been spent in "pushing" the Home Weekly with no very marked result. In fact it is very easy in these times to spend a small fortune in trying to make a paper "go," and then have it go—up.

In the case of the Home Weekly, we sincerely regret its want of success, for the energy and industry of its proprietors merited a better fate.

POETRY.—A very large proportion of the original poetry sent to us, is about death and dying, departed friends, &c.

"Something too much of this," ladies and gentlemen. Our paper is not a tombstone.

☞ Du Chaillu tells us that in the interior of Africa, under the equator, the natives always charged him the same price for an egg as for a hen. They argued in this way: an egg, if it is hatched, will produce a hen, and therefore you should pay the price of a hen for an egg.

☞ There are four hundred joint stock companies now in process of liquidation in London. The total losses in these speculations amount to about ten million of dollars.

☞ The Early Rose sprang from seeds in a potato ball. From the seeds of that one ball seven kinds of potatoes have been raised; and, what is stranger than all, each of the seven varieties is excellent in its way.

☞ Seven farmers in one Vermont village have 102 children. Jonathan Eddy's share is 19. He heads the list.

☞ "What death would you prefer to die?" said a person to another. "I don't exactly know; I should like to try seven or eight before deciding the point."

☞ An advertisement of somebody's "liver-encouraging, silent perambulator family pill," tells a credulous public that "this pill is as mild as a pet lamb, and it don't go fooling about. It attends strictly to business, and is as certain as an alarm clock."

☞ A MYSTERY.—A couple of "high social position" in New Orleans recently appeared at one of the churches in that city and were married. At the close of the ceremony the husband informed his bride that they parted there, and that she would never see his face again. He walked off, she fainted, and there is a mystery.

☞ In Philadelphia, the number of permits for the erection of buildings issued during 1868 amounted to 4,436, or over twice as many as in New York. Pretty good for a "large-sized village." Now if we were only a "great metropolis!"

☞ Mr. Vernon Harcourt—Historicus of the Times—has made his maiden speech in Parliament, and in it he spoke of an old sword that we must keep bright and burnished as we have received it from our ancestors. He added:

"If the present be not an age in which it is required, we should preserve it for future use, when political storms may arise, when it may prove a security for the throne and a safeguard for the people."

We really don't see what use a sword would be in a storm, or how it could protect anything. Did not Mr. Harcourt mean an umbrella?—*London Fun.*

☞ A French chemist asserts that he can so cleanse printed paper as to make it suitable for receiving a fresh impression. He states that by immersing the printed sheet in a slight alkaline solution the ink disappears, and leaves the sheet of a pure, spotless white.

☞ Kioyte Bakin, the popular Chinese novelist, has just finished a new novel, in 100 volumes, which will be eagerly looked for by the reading public, and will form a handsome ornament for ten or fifteen centre tables.

☞ A Washington correspondent writes thus of the doings of his colleagues at the National capital:—"A correspondent or a reporter is doing well if he gets seventy dollars a week; yet what is such pay to the lucky turn of a vote on some claim covering millions in the House or Senate. A correspondent says to the Hon. Lycurgus Sandstone: 'That is a just claim; I have carefully investigated it, and, moreover, my friend C. is a truly loyal man and a good fellow.' The Hon. Lycurgus may or may not think so; but he knows that a few terse sentences from the pen of the correspondent will give him a prominence before the country, and secure, probably, his renomination. So he votes, and Scratchpen pockets his little fee that amounts to ten times the pay of his journal."

☞ A Michigan professor says that Dr. Holland's statements relative to drunkenness in the wine countries, "have no foundation. I suppose that every time Dr. Holland sees a Swiss laughing, singing, gesticulating or capering about, he sets him down as drunk, for the same reason that he characterises as 'all sorts of insane jabber' the foreign languages which he only very imperfectly understands."

☞ "Is my face dirty?" remarked a young lady to her aunt, while seated at the dinner table on a steamboat running from Cairo to New Orleans. "Dirty! No. Why did you ask?" "Because that insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes around he put another one before me."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY; WITH OTHER BALLADS. By CHARLES G. LELAND. This is a new and enlarged edition of the popular Breitmann poems, which have been received with the greatest favor both at home and abroad. The "London Leader" says that "it would be impossible to conceive anything more genuinely humorous than some of these verses." Buy them and have a good laugh. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. Price 75 cents.

MY TEN-ROD FARM; OR, HOW I BECAME A FLORIST. By Mrs. MARIA GILMAN. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., 808 Chestnut street, Phila. Price 50 cts. Worth reading.

TRIBUNE ESSAYS. Leading Articles Contributed to the N. Y. Tribune from 1857 to 1863 by CHARLES T. CONDON. With an Introduction by HORACE GREELEY. Published by J. S. Redfield, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

REPORT OF THE SURVEYS ACROSS THE CONTINENT IN 1867—68. By Gen. W. J. PALMER. W. B. Selheimer, Printer, corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, Phila.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. In this volume we have "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Abbot," "The Betrothed," and "Peveril of the Peak." Illustrated with Steel and Wood Engravings. Four of the best novels ever written. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

PERCIVAL KEENE. By CAPTAIN MARRYATT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE TIN TRUMPET; OR, HEADS AND TAILS FOR THE WISE AND WAGGISH. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

HOW HE WON HER. A Sequel to "Fair Play." By Mrs. SOUTHWORTH. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE POETICAL WORKS AND REMAINS OF HENRY KIRK WHITE. With Life, by ROBERT SOUTHEY. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

PRE-HISTORIC NATIONS; or, Inquiries concerning some of the Great Peoples and Civilizations of Antiquity, and their probable relation to a still older civilization of the Ethiopians or Cushites of Arabia. By JOHN D. BALDWIN, A. M. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

GRIFFITH GAUNT; OR, JEALOUSY. By CHARLES READE. Illustrated. Published by Harper & Bros., New York. Price 25 cts.

VIRGINIA GRAHAM, THE SPY OF THE GRAND ARMY. By JUSTIN JONES. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by Turner Bros. & Co., Phil. Price 75 cts.

"WISHING AND SEEKING; OR, WINNIE AT THE FARM." "Little Meg's Children." Two volumes for children. Published by James S. Claxton, Phila.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY FOR MARCH. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco and New York.

SNARLEYOW. By CAPTAIN MARRYATT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL. With a Memoir of his Life, and an Essay on his Genius and Writings. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON; or Journeys and Discoveries in Africa by three Englishmen. Compiled in French by Jules Verne, from the original notes of Dr. Ferguson; and done into English by "William Lackland," expressly for D. Appleton & Co., New York. This is, in a measure, a satire on recent books of African travel. It gives, however, a survey of the whole field of African discovery, and in view of the wonderful "traveller's tales," to which we have been treated by explorers, can hardly be considered extravagant. Also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

THE PHANTOM SHIP. By CAPTAIN MARRYATT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MEMORIAL OF REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON. By the Rev. JOHN G. WILSON. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

BETTER VIEWS OF LIVING; or, Life According to the Doctrine, "Whatever is, is Right." By A. B. CHILD, M. D., author of "Whatever is, is Right," &c. Published by Adams & Co., 25 Broomfield St., Boston.

TOBACCO AND ITS EFFECTS. A Prize Essay by HENRY GIBBONS, M. D., of San Francisco, California. Published by Carlton & Lanahan, New York.

THE DANISH ISLANDS: are we bound in Honor to pay for them? By JAMES PARTON. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

WAVERLY NOVELS. "Count Robert of Paris," "The Surgeon's Daughter," "Woodstock," and "The Betrothed." Published by T. B. Peterson & Co., Phila. Price 20 cts. each.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. Published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York.

THE WESTMINSTER AND EDINBURGH REVIEWS. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York.

THE OLD GUARD for March. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., 162 Nassau street, New York.

☞ Hon. Edward Bates, who was Attorney General of the United States under President Lincoln, died in St. Louis on Thursday, the 25th.

☞ Judge Schley, at Savannah, has rendered a decision that negroes are ineligible to office in the state of Georgia.

☞ The cold weather of March, it is asserted, has been exceedingly useful in diminishing the danger of spring freshets, in the New England states, where the storms of last winter were unusually frequent and heavy, and where several feet of snow has accumulated on the ground.

☞ "It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he sees asleep." "I think," replied the other, "that it would be better for the sexton, whenever a man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up."

☞ An English town was recently visited by a curious storm. It lasted about ten minutes, and covered the ground with small shelled snails. Evidently the storm, in the dilemma between snow and hail, resulted in a sn-ail storm.

☞ Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, has discovered that there was once on this continent a breed of horses only two feet high. "Notes" thinks that the small ponies on the American circuses of the early era must have required strong opera glasses to be seen from the back seats.

HINTS ON HOUSE CLEANING.

BY MRS. S. O. JOHNSON.

As the spring days approach, the housewife feels her daily cares increase. Every closet, drawer and piece-bag must be ransacked, overlooked, and cleared up for the coming summer. Carpets must be taken up and shaken, beds well beaten, and bedsteads washed in strong brine to destroy all insects, etc. As anything that can lessen the labor of a housekeeper is desirable, I venture to contribute my mite. Save the tea leaves for a few days, then steep them in a tin pail or pan for half an hour, strain through a sieve, and use the tea to wash all varnished paint. It requires very little rubbing or "elbow polish," as the tea acts as a strong detergent, cleansing the paint from its impurities, and making the varnish shine equal to new. It cleanses window sashes and oil-cloths; indeed, any varnished surface is improved by its application. It washes window panes and mirrors much better than soap and water, and is excellent for cleansing black walnut picture and looking-glass frames. It will not do to wash unvarnished paint with it. Whiting is unequalled for cleansing white paint. Take a small quantity on a damp flannel, rub lightly over the surface, and you will be surprised at its effects. Wall papers are readily cleansed by tying a soft cloth over a broom, and sweeping down the walls carefully. The dust and ashes of furnaces and stoves are deposited in every crack and crevice of our rooms, and require vigilant and active treatment for their removal. Carpets absorb great quantities of them. All who can afford it will find it a great improvement to use straw matting in summer, and in autumn cover them with carpet linings or even common newspapers, then put down the carpets over them. Cleansing silver is not an easy task; the use of kerosene will greatly facilitate the operation. Wet a flannel cloth in the oil, dip in dry whiting, and thoroughly rub the plated or silver ware; throw it into a dish of scalding soap-suds, wipe with a soft flannel, and polish with a chamois skin. Your silver or plate will look equal to that exhibited in a jeweller's window, and will retain its brilliancy for six months, if once a week, when washed, it is polished with a chamois skin. Bright silver adds much to the beauty of a table, and is easily attained by this method. Some may think it will injure the plate. I have used it spring and fall for five years, and neither plated articles nor silver sustain any injury. Those who use brass andirons will find it equally efficacious in restoring their brightness. Old feather beds and pillows are greatly improved by putting them on a clean grass plot during a heavy shower; let the beds become thoroughly wetted, turning them on both sides. Let them lie out until thoroughly dry, then beat them with rods; this will lighten up the feathers and make them much more healthful to sleep upon. It removes dust and rejuvenates the feathers.—*American Agriculturist.*

Mr. Stewart's Boarding House for Unmarried Women.

Dr. Hall gives the following account of the building now erecting in New York city by Mr. A. T. Stewart:—

"To unbefriended and destitute young women, who are willing to work for a living, he has decided to give millions of money, and in a way not to encourage idleness, nor a whit to abate their industries; but to every young woman who has an ambition to make and save money, he says: 'I will furnish you a nice, warm, well lighted, airy room, suitably furnished, in a splendid marble house, with good and healthful board, for two dollars and a half a week; all that you can make beyond that is your own.' Does not the reader see at a glance the wisdom, the beneficence and the gallantry of a plan of this kind? He affords industrious young women an opportunity of making and laying up money for themselves; he does nothing towards encouraging them in idleness; nothing to lower their self-respect. If he gave them their board and lodging they could not help but consider themselves objects of charity, and there would be more or less of a feeling of self-degradation, or that they were 'beholden' to another. It is difficult to compute the amount of actual good this plan will accomplish; to compute the amount of discouragement and premature sickness, and the lowest of all depravities which will be prevented every year, and to be continued for ages to come. Such is the general outline of the plan now in process of execution at the northwest corner of Fourth Avenue and Thirty-second street, in New York city, to be carried out at the cost of several millions of dollars."

A Cure for Paralysis.

We lately met a gentleman who, although he walked with apparent ease, said he had been almost a hopeless paralytic, but had been substantially cured by the use of an air-pump. The theory of the cure and the application of the instrument were as follows: Paralysis is produced by the failure of some of the organs of life to perform their functions. They need recuperating. He applied a cup or receiver to the surface of the part affected, and by means of the pump he removed the pressure of the external atmosphere. There was then a rush of air internally, as much as the clogged condition of the system would admit, towards the vacuum produced by the pump. The blood was carried along by the air, and by mere mechanical force made to circulate in the affected limb, which thus recovered its vigor and activity.—*Worcester Palladium.*

☞ Queen Victoria, it is said, keeps the apartments of the late Prince Albert in exactly the same condition that they were at his death—slippers and dressing-gown all ready, as if he might come back to them any day.

☞ A New York paper says:—"Doctor Hayes wishes to go North again. No Arctic explorer is really happy until he has failed to come back."

☞ Hayti is as usual in the midst of unending squabbles, which presents a brilliant prospect for the United States, if we go into the "protectorate business."

☞ "Olivia" writes plaintively to a paper in Chicago, that unless a woman is "young," and "pretty-faced," she has no chance in the departments at Washington, and that "one with all the sweet juices of life squeezed out of her," must get her living elsewhere. Poor Olivia!

☞ A drunken fellow in Linn county, Iowa, endeavored the other day to force his way into a room occupied by two girls. He kicked in a panel of the door, but could not get his foot out again, when one of the girls relieved him of his embarrassment by chopping it off with an axe.

GRAINING.

The art of imitating the grain of the more expensive woods is now brought to so great a degree of perfection, that it is often almost impossible to determine without feeling the surface, whether we are looking upon the wood or an imitation of it. Mahogany, satinwood, rosewood, maple, and some others, are frequently imitated; and it is but seldom that a good house is finished without the introduction of some graining. Doors to drawing-rooms, dining-halls and passages are usually painted, if some handsome grained wood be not introduced. The skirtings are also frequently finished in this manner, but it is not now so commonly employed as it was a few years ago. Delicate parti-colors are often preferred for drawing-rooms and those apartments which are most frequently inhabited. The process of graining is very simple. The workman first prepares the surface with two or three coats of oil paint, and then forms the ground of the graining, the color of the ground being regulated by the color of the wood to be imitated. If, for instance, it be required to imitate satinwood, then the ground will be formed of Naples yellow and cerusse, worked up with turpentine. When this coat is perfectly dry the graining is commenced, the painter preparing small quantities of such colors as he requires upon his pallet, and applying them with camel's hair pencils, of different sizes, and flat hog's hair brushes. When the work is finished it must be allowed to remain until perfectly dry, and covered evenly with one or two coats of good oil varnish. The same process is adopted in the imitation of marbles for chimney pieces, pilasters and other ornamental work.

☞ A VALUABLE DOG.—There is a large and strong dog, named Carlo, in Dubuque, Iowa, that has saved the lives of four persons. He dragged a creeping babe from under the feet of a pawing colt, pulled two drowning girls out of a lake, and seized his master's coat-tail, one dark and stormy night, and held him back just as he was about to step into a river where the bridge had just been carried away. Who says dogs have not intelligent faculties—and do not deserve saving more than half the men?

☞ The other Sunday a lady preacher in Wisconsin discoursed from the text, "I say unto you watch!" and the next week the gallant youths of her congregation gave her a nice gold one.

☞ A case of domestic scandal was under discussion at a tea table. "Well, let us think the best of her we can," said an elderly spinster. "Yes," said another, "and say the worst."

☞ It was said to a belle in the habit of wearing low-necked dresses, who recently carried off a matrimonial prize, in the shape of a rich old widower, "that she won the race by a neck."

☞ COSTLY GARMENTS.—"How does the Empress Eugenie dress?" inquired an inquisitive female of a bachelor friend, just returned from Paris. "Like a woman," was the brusque reply. "Of course," continued the inquirer; "but I wish to know whether she wears costly dresses." "I understand you, madam," was the ungallant response; "she dresses like a woman—wearing the most costly garments she can procure."

☞ CONVENIENT.—For rough estimates, as in cursory reading, it may be well enough to remember that a piastre is five cents; a franc, 20 cents; a guilder, 40 cents; a rix-dollar, a florin, or a rupee, 50 cents; a rouble or a thaler, 65 cents; a tael (Chinese,) $1.50; a pound sterling, $4.84; and a doubloon, $15.75.

☞ Advice to those who are about to go to law—first, ask yourself this question:—"Are you morally in the right?" If the answer is "No," go to law by all means, you'll be sure to win.—*Tomahawk.*

☞ It was resolved at a late temperance meeting in Wisconsin, that "temperance is a natural virtue, and indispensable to raise men to the level of other animals."

☞ The British Government is tired of her colonies. The mother country has to spend about $13,000,000 annually in their support—and gets scarcely anything in return.

☞ Subjects for conundrums being nearly exhausted, one desperate joker has gone back to our first parents, and inquires, "Why wasn't Eve afraid of the measles?" "Because she'd Adam."

☞ A young lady of Springfield, Ill., who attended the woman suffrage meeting, remarked with a quiet, satiric sense, "Mr. Foster said there wasn't a woman in the hall who hadn't as much right to be called a man as he had; and I think so too!"

☞ Gamgee estimates that about one-fifth of the meat sold in the markets is obtained from animals that have died, or from those that have been killed while suffering from some complaint. When the creature has been killed suddenly by an accident, the flesh is good—but if death has been the result of over-driving, it contains a poison that produces an eruption on the skin of those who handle it, and though many persons may eat such flesh with impunity, some are not so fortunate.—*Dr. John C. Draper, in the Galaxy.*

☞ After an exile of nearly eight years, Gen. John C. Breckinridge has returned to his old home in Lexington, Kentucky, and proposes immediately to resume the profession of the law.

☞ A ruffian, on Sunday evening, forcibly seized a young woman in a Jersey City street car and carried her off—no one interfering. Quite "metropolitan."

☞ SCURVY.—When the system has become accustomed to a mixed diet, a total abstinence from either animal or vegetable food causes the disease known as scurvy. It is a popular error to suppose that this condition is the result only of a want of vegetable food. This error has arisen from the fact that, heretofore, in long voyages, vegetable food has been deficient in quantity—but we now know that a species of scurvy may arise from a deficiency in the supply of animal food.—*Dr. John C. Draper, in the Galaxy.*

☞ REAR IN FRONT.—A respectable old lady was walking along a country road one day, when suddenly her indignation was aroused on beholding the untidy abode of a small farmer, who had a heap of ashes and refuse in front of his house, whereupon the old lady exclaimed: "Dear me! dear me! how I do hate to see a house with its rear in the front!"

☞ The "oldest inhabitant" admits that it is sweet to have friends you can trust, but more convenient to have friends who "trust" you.

☞ Hartford has taken a novel legal step. A certain Church Society has sued one of its congregation for an unpaid subscription.

The Right Side.

A curious asks, with reasonable wonder, why we use the right hand in preference to the left. Nature appears to have dictated the habit; its universality goes far to prove that it is instinctive; for among existing nations none seem to be gifted as were the Benjaminites of old. The left arm is the weaker, but whether naturally or only from disuse remains to be ascertained. It would appear that the difference of strength extends to the organs of locomotion. When we meet an obstacle in walking, it is easier to turn to the right than to the left, as if the right leg had the most power and freedom of motion; and it is said, that if a man lose himself on a plain, without any guide or landmarks, he will, in his efforts to go straight forward, invariably bear to the left, the dexter limb imperceptibly taking longer strides. Even a left-handed man uses his right manual for many purposes; and a right-handed mortal has to train hard to become ambidexterous. Only one suggestion can we afford to account for the general righthandiness: it is, that nature has designedly kept the working arm away from the heart, that the violent actions of the one may affect as little as possible the delicate functions of the other.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been moderately active. Sales 12,000 bbls at $5@5.50 for superfine; $5.75@6.50 for extra; $6.50@7 for North-West extra family; $7.12½@7.25 for choice Minnesota do; $7.50@8.50 for Pennsylvania extra family.

GRAIN—In Wheat there has been more doing. 35,000 bus of Pennsylvania, Western, and Southern red sold at $1.55@1.65; 20,000 bus amber at $1.70@1.75; 3000 bus No 1 spring at $1.48@1.52, and 10,000 bus white at $1.80@1.86 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—5000 bus sold, in lots, at $1.50@1.55 ₩ bus. Corn—30,000 bus prime yellow sold at 87@88c; 18,000 bus Western mixed at 85@86c, and 400 bus white at 84@85c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet; sales of Mess Pork at $28.50@28.75. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@20c; Shoulders at 14½@15c. Green Meats; sales of 120 tcs pickled Hams at 17@17½c, and Shoulders at 13½c. Lard; sales of 350 bbls and tcs Western at 19½@19¾c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter; sales of solid packed at 25@28c, and prime roll at 40@45c.

BARK—20 hhds No. 1 Quercitron sold at $50 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales yellow at 40@47c ₩ lb.

FEATHERS—Sales prime lots at 80@85c.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $5@5 ₩ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales of 80,000 lbs of Tennessee Apples at 11@11½c, and North Carolina at 12@10c ₩ lb, and Peaches at 17@17½c for halves, 13½@14c for quarters, and 10@10c ₩ lb for pared.

HAY—Sales of prime Timothy ₩ 100 lbs $1.25@1.30; mixed do $1.25@1.30; Inferior do $1.15@1.20, and Straw $1.40@1.50.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 7@13c, according to quality.

☞ Among the numerous magnificent floral offerings, recently presented to Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, was an immense cornucopia, composed of the choicest selection of flowers most ingeniously and artistically arranged with the words intervoven, "The only Marguerite."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from 10@10¼ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 7½@9¼c ₩ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at from $15.50 to 16.50 ₩ 100 lbs.

☞ A serious contemporary who is given to publishing moral maxims, says—

"Good order is bread; disorder is starvation."

And that is all very well; but "idleness is loafing." How about that?

Worthless imitations of Burnett's COCOAINE abound, all tending to increase its popularity.

☞ A dwelling-house has been erected in Des Moines, Iowa, constructed mostly of paper—the weather-boarding, inside walls, and shingling being of that material. The cost is about two-thirds that of the ordinary materials, and the house, it is said, is much warmer than where plaster and wood are used.

Do Not Trifle with Danger.

A single spark may kindle a flame that will consume a city, and small ailments neglected, may end in fatal disorders. Bearing this fact in mind, let the first symptoms of debility or nervous prostration be met promptly with invigorating treatment. Foremost among the vegetable tonics of the age stands HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, and whenever the vital powers seem to languish, or there is any reason to suspect that the animal functions essential to the sustenation and purification of the body are imperfectly performed, this invaluable invigorant and antiseptic should at once be resorted to. Indigestion always produces weakness of the bodily powers. Sometimes it happens that the appetite demands more food than the stomach can digest; though not more, perhaps, than is required to keep up the full strength of the frame. The object, under such circumstances, is to increase the digestive capacity of the assimilating organ, so as to make it equal to the duty imposed upon it by the appetite, and capable of supplying the *building material of the system* as fast as it is required. This object is fully accomplished by the use of the Bitters. They tone and gently stimulate the cellular membrane which secretes the gastric juice, and the result is that the solvent is mingled with the food in sufficient quantity to convert all its nourishing particles into pure and wholesome element. If, on the other hand, there is a deficiency of appetite, without any corresponding deficiency of digestive power, the effect of the tonic is to stimulate a desire for food. In nineteen cases out of twenty, headache, nausea, nervousness, fainting-fits, spasms, and, indeed, most of the casual aches and pains to which humanity is subject, proceed primarily from indigestion complicated with biliousness; and for both these complaints HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS are recommended as a speedy and certain remedy.

ap3-4t

☞ The little Crown Prince of Belgium left a little boy-will, bequeathing his toys to his sisters and some of his playmates. The royal family were deeply affected when it was read a few days after the burial of the Prince.

No Ulcer, Cancer, or Fever Sore

but can be radically cured by the use of Wolcott's PAIN PAINT. Dr. Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR, which is unlike Pain Paint, cures that disgusting disease, Catarrh. Pint bottles $1. Recollect, 'tis put up in white wrappers. mar27-3t

☞ SMART CHILD.—A little bright-eyed girl, three years old, looked up to its father, and said: "Father, I have got three tongues, ain't I?" "No, my child, you have only one." "Yes, I have." "Well, where are they?" "One is in my head, and two in my shoes."

☞ Chicago sends to New York queer telegrams—as recently, thus: "Yesterday was not a good day for divorces—only seven new applications were made."

Kissing His Wife While Dying of Hydrophobia.

Mr. Eckerson, who died of hydrophobia at Saddle River, N. J., had to be held by five or six men, and during his lucid intervals begged to kiss his wife, who was very ill in another part of the house. Just before his last dreadful fit he pleaded so piteously to kiss her once more before he died that, risking the consequences, they took her to his bed. The dying man carefully wiped the froth from his face, and compressing his teeth tightly to prevent any of the poisonous saliva exuding from his mouth, kissed the lips which he had so often pressed in love and affection, and then resolutely turning away, after bidding her adieu forever, relapsed into a dreadful paroxysm and died.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: *"The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!"* Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar3-eowtf

☞ By an Act of the last Minnesota Legislature, colored children are permitted to go to the same schools as whites.

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. EVANS, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.13. T. W. EVANS, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

☞ In Sweden, a man who is seen drunk four times is deprived of his vote at elections. A good rule for this country.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—What diseases are more painful than piles and fistules, and where, says the sufferer, can any cure be found? We answer, there is a sure remedy that never fails; it is Holloway's Ointment, sustained by the testimony of thousands.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th of Jan., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. A. C. WATSON to Miss LAURA A. WAITT, both of this city.

On the 23d of March, by the Rev. Dr. Dales, Mr. LESLIE MOORE to Miss MARTHA LENOX, both of this city.

On the 23d of March, by the Rev. George Briggs, SAMUEL A. PEOPLES to EMMA BONTEMPS, both of this city.

On the 24th of Jan., by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. WILLIAM T. CAMPBELL to Miss ELIZABETH S. COLLIER, both of this city.

On the 18th of March, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. G. GHESTATTHE to Mrs. W. MEYER, daughter of Chas. ARGEROUX, Esq., both of this city.

On the 17th of Jan., by the Rev. J. R. Maddox, Mr. JOHN LEWIS to Miss MARY E. VINCENT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of March, A. M. WALKINSHAW, in his 39th year.

On the 23d of March, Mr. CHARLES CLARK, in his 53d year.

On the 23d of March, JOHN S. BENNETT, in his 81st year.

On the 22d of March, JOHN G. CRAUSEN, aged 73 years.

On the 23d of March, WILLIAM H. DAILEY, aged 30 years.

On the 21st of March, WILLIAM C. HEFFELS, in his 30th year.

On the 20th of March, Mrs. MARGARET OLDFIELD, aged 78 years.

On the 21st of March, REBECCA W. HELLBORN, in her 40th year.

On the 20th of March, GEORGE TALLMAN, aged 61 years.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Secrets of the Great City,

A Work descriptive of the VIRTUES and the VICES, the MYSTERIES, MISERIES and CRIMES of New York City.

If you wish to know how Fortunes are made and lost in a day; how Shrewd Men are ruined in Wall street; how Countrymen are swindled by Sharpers; how Ministers and Merchants are Blackmailed; how Dance Halls and Concert Saloons are Managed; how Gambling Houses and Lotteries are conducted; how Stock and Oil Companies Originate and how the Bubbles Burst, read this work. It contains 35 fine engravings; tells all about the Mysteries and Crimes of New York, and is the Spiciest and Cheapest work of the kind published.

ONLY $2.50 PER COPY.

☞ Send for CIRCULARS and SEE OUR TERMS, and a full description of the work. Address, JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION.—Inferior works of a similar character are being circulated. See that the books you buy contain 35 fine engravings and sell at $2.50 per copy. fe13-tf

GREATLY INCREASED DEMAND for the *MENDENHALL IMPROVED SELF-ACTING HAND LOOM* sold by H. T. THOMAS (successor to A. B. GATES & Co.,) who has now improved and perfected the above Loom, so that Rag Carpets, Satinet, Jeans, Linseys, Tweed Balmoral Skirting and numerous other styles, with the Fly Shuttle can be woven by simply turning an easy crank at the rate of 10 to 20 yards per day by a girl or boy thirteen or fourteen years of age.

For testimonials, circulars, samples of cloth, price list, &c., address with stamps H. T. THOMAS, 29 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Also supplies warp on beam or in chain for cloth or carpet reeds, harness, shuttles, bobbins, &c., &c. feb6-3m

EXQUISITE PHOTOGRAPHS! 3 different sample cards with catalogues for 25 cents, 15 for $1. Address J. R. SEACORD, Garrettsville, Ohio. ap3-3t

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

[The following poem was written by Dr. Isaac Watts in 1701, and addressed to his friend Henry Blendish, on the occasion of his marriage. Dr. Watts died a bachelor at the age of 74 years:]

Why should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle *Hymen's* silken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Blendish, 'tis strange the charm that binds
Million of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the wondrous cause,
Ranged the wide field of nature's laws,
And urged the schools in vain;
When deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retired, and slumber dressed
A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and 'cross the tide
On fancy's airy horse I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
Till on the banks of *Ganges'* flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood,
For sacred use designed.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
Risen with his God, the sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjured the murmuring stream,
The birth of souls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

"He sang the eternal rolling flame,
That vital mass, that still the same
Does all our minds compose;
But shaped in twice ten thousand frames;
Thence differing souls of differing names,
And jarring tempests rose.

"The Mighty Power that formed the mind
One mould for every two designed,
And blest the new born pair:
'This be a match for this,' he said,
Then down he sent the souls he made,
To seek them bodies here:

"But parting from their warm abode
They lost their fellows on the road,
And never joined their hands:
Ah, cruel chance, and crossing fates!
Our Eastern souls have dropped their mates
On *Europe's* barbarous lands.

"Happy the youth that finds the bride
Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
The sweetest joy of life:
But oh, the crowds of wretched souls
Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
And chained to eternal strife."

Thus sang the wondrous *Indian* bard;
My soul with rapt attention heard,
While *Ganges* ceased to flow:
"Sure then, I cry'd, might I but see
That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
I might be happy too.

"Some courteous angel, tell me where;
What distant lands this unknown fair,
Or distant seas, detain?
Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
I'd fly to meet, and mingle souls,
And wear the joyful chain."

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HOSPITALITY. [Continued.]

In all the countries of Western Asia, where the climate is so wondrously salubrious, the people sit and eat very frequently in their gardens, under the shade of trees—a situation they seem to prefer to their tents or houses; whilst in Southern Asia, where the intense heat of the sun precludes all exposure to its burning rays, *sayats* answer the same purpose, and are in very general use. Thus easily accessible, a stranger seldom passes a residence without being invited to stop and take refreshments, and if the day be far spent, he is urged to stay the night; as in the case of Lot, (Gen. xix. 1—3,) who was sitting, at evening, in one of the "gate-rooms" at the entrance of Sodom, when the destroying angels came to warn him to seek security from the impending doom of the devoted cities of the plain. Not content with the first, cordial invitation, we are told that "he pressed upon them greatly," so that at the last, they yielded to his importunity, "and entered into his house, and he made them a feast."

Another case in point, is that of the two apostles going to Emmaus, after the resurrection of our Lord. "Jesus," says the inspired historian, "drew near and went with them," talking as He went, of his own recent sufferings, and "expounded unto them, in all the Scriptures, the things concerning himself." Arrived at the village, He seemed to intend to go on, "But they constrained Him, saying, 'abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.'" Luke xxiv. 27—29. They had, thus far, not the slightest suspicion to whom they were talking; regarding Him evidently as "only a stranger in Jerusalem," and offering Him, as such, only the usual courtesies.

For in the East, *every* stranger is considered as entitled to food and lodging for a night; and always receives it *without pay*. It is not unusual, when the table is spread, and the family about to eat, (that is, the *male* portion of it, for the females are always secluded from view, and take their meals separately)—but when the male members of the family are at table, it is not uncommon for strangers or travellers to enter uninvited and partake of the meal, and rising from the table when they have finished, with simply a *salaam* to the head of the house, or a few words of thanks or blessing, pass on their way, without any introduction given or received. Such a course being fully sanctioned by oriental usage, excites neither surprise nor remark. The same feeling pervades all ranks, though all cannot manifest it equally; and it prevails in different degrees among different nations; in the Arab attaining its highest perfection, and probably in the Persian next. Among the better class, a stranger will not be received into familiar intercourse with the members of the household, unless enough is known of him to show that he belongs to the same grade of society; but his comfort will be provided for, whatever be his rank, and his attendants, camels, asses, &c., will all be fed and lodged, and that without payment of any sort. It may probably be on Dr. Franklin's plan of "passing a favor round," for every one is expected to travel sometime, and the entertainer of one day or week, may be the recipient of the same favor the next, though perhaps not from the same parties. But the system works admirably, and no other could be devised that could so well meet the wants of those who travel in countries where hotels and taverns, such as we have, are utterly unknown.

Another advantage is found in the protection thus afforded to travellers in passing through wild and lawless regions. Niebuhr says, "When a Bedouin Sheik eats bread with strangers, they may trust his fidelity and depend on his protection;" and Baron du Tott mentions an amusing incident of a hurried visit from the Pacha, who on leaving had got almost down stairs, when he suddenly halted and ordered one of the Baron's servants to bring him some bread and salt. They readily understanding the request and the reason of it, brought a small plate containing the desired articles with the utmost despatch; and the Pacha with devout gravity placing a little salt on a mouthful of bread, ate it where he stood. Then turning to the Baron, he said earnestly, "You may now rely on me—having eaten your bread and salt, I am your friend forever."

I recollect a still more remarkable instance of the restraining influence of this custom and the disgrace that attaches to its non-observance. A Persian robber having effected an entrance to the palace royal of his sovereign, collected a large quantity of valuables, with which he was about decamping, when his foot accidentally struck against something which seemed firm and hard. Stooping, he picked it up, but being unable by the dim light of the hall through which he was passing to *see* the article, he raised it to his lips to ascertain what it was, and in an instant discovered it to be a *lump of salt*. Having thus "tasted salt," he regarded himself as pledged by the customs of his country to fidelity to all under that roof; and he departed, leaving all his booty behind him, piled up in the hall, where it was discovered in the morning by the astonished inmates. Long afterwards the robber revealed the story to his Prince, who received him into his service and kept him ever after near his person.

The Royal Psalmist seems to refer to the hospitality implied in eating bread under a roof, when he complains of the ingratitude of his friend as "one who did eat of my bread," and afterwards united with his enemies against him. Ps. 41, 9.

So sacred is this obligation deemed by the Arabs that they will protect, at the risk of their own lives, the vilest offender who has once partaken of bread or salt under their own roof, or of whom they have received it.

Similar to this bread and salt eating in *Western Asia*, is the eating of the *Betel* or *Areca*-nut in the countries farther South. This is a highly astringent fruit, that is chewed with tobacco, *chunam* and *serie*-leaf, by all classes, of both sexes, from morning till night. Men, women and children's mouths are never emptied of the execrable compound, except at meal times, and when they are asleep. When a friend calls or even a stranger steps in for a moment, the Betel is passed round and the guest invited to partake; and having done so, he is ever after secure from treachery and injury of every sort at the hands of his host and those who dwell beneath his roof. They have eaten Betel together, and are thus bound to each other by indissoluble bonds of sacred friendship. May not the Christian read in this human bond a higher and holier tie between himself and his brethren, and between Christ and His people? If made partakers of His death, His glorious resurrection and intercession, should they not love each other with pure hearts fervently, and Him supremely who has redeemed them with His own precious blood?

One more illustration we offer of this subject, and it has been reserved for the last, as peculiarly beautiful and impressive. We read in Rev. ii. 17, "To him that overcometh, I will give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." Who can doubt the reference here to a custom once very prevalent in the East, and not unknown at the present day—the custom of cutting in halves a small white stone, on which the host and his guest mutually inscribed their names, and then exchanged with each other. This was a pledge of mutual regard, always inviolably kept, and its symbol descending as an heirloom from generation to generation; but always carefully concealed from outside parties to prevent imposition. We find frequent allusions to this custom among classical writers; and the sight of this *tessera* among the Greeks, Romans and Persians was always sufficient to procure a favorable reception to the bearer thereof.

Thus Jesus, having given to the believer "the hidden manna," or implanted in the inner nature His own renewing and sanctifying grace, presents him with a pledge of His love—an indwelling assurance of acceptance that "no man knoweth saving he who receiveth it." How infinite the love, how amazing the condescension of Him, who though Lord of all, stoops to receive as his acknowledged *friend* the sinner He has redeemed from everlasting death. F. R. F.

The Piano.

By all means let every girl begin by learning the piano. Such a chance of gaining a sympathetic companion for life should never be thrown away. Even to the unmusical girl it is valuable as a training, but to the musical girl its value is beyond price. If a woman's life is often a life of *feeling* rather than of action, and if society, whilst it limits her sphere of action, frequently calls upon her to repress her feelings, we should not deny her the high, the recreative, the healthy outlet for emotion which music supplies. Joy flows naturally into ringing harmonies, while music has the subtle power to soften melancholy by presenting it with its fine emotional counterpart. A good play on the piano has not unfrequently taken the place of a good cry up-stairs, and a cloud of ill-temper has often been dispersed by a timely practice. One of Schubert's friends used to say, that although often very cross before sitting down to his piano, a long scramble-duet through a symphony, or through one of his own delicious and erratic pianoforte scores, always restored him to good humor.

But if a person is not musical, pianoforte instruction after a certain point is only waste of time. It may be said, "Suppose there is latent talent." To this we reply that, as a general rule, musical talent develops early or not at all. It sometimes, though very seldom, happens that a musical organization exists with naturally imperfect ear. In this case it may be worth while to cultivate the ear. But when the ear is bad, and there is no natural taste for music, we may conclude that the soil is sterile, and will not repay cultivation.

Mature Sirens.

Nothing is more incomprehensible to girls than the love and admiration sometimes given to middle-aged women. They cannot understand it; and nothing but experience will make them understand it. In their eyes a woman is out of the pale of personal affection altogether, when she has once lost that shining gloss of youth, that exquisite freshness of skin and suppleness of limb, which to them, in the insolent plentitude of their unfaded beauty, constitute the chief claims to admiration of their sex. And yet, they cannot conceal from themselves that the belle of eighteen is often deserted for the woman of forty, and that the patent witchery of their own youth and prettiness goes for nothing against the mysterious charms of a mature siren. What can they say to such an anomaly? There is no good in going about the world disdainfully wondering how on earth a man could ever have taken up with such an antiquated creature—suggestively asking their male friends what could he see in a woman of her age, old enough to be their mother? There the fact stands, and facts are stubborn things. The eligible suitor who has been coveted by more than one golden-haired girl, has married a woman twenty years her senior, and the middle-aged siren has actually carried off the prize which nymphs in their teens have frantically desired to win. What is the secret? How is it done? The world, even of silly girls, has got past any belief in spells and talismans, such as Charlemagne's mistress wore, and yet the man's fascination seems to them quite as miraculous and almost as unholy as if it had been brought about by the black art. But if they had any analytical power, they would understand the *diablerie* of the mature sirens clearly enough, for it is not so difficult to understand when one puts one's mind to it.

In the first place, a woman of ripe age has a knowledge of the world, and a certain suavity of manner and moral flexibility, wholly wanting to the young. Young girls are, for the most part, all angles—harsh in their judgments, stiff in their prejudices, and narrow in their sympathies. They are full of combativeness and self-assertion, if they are of one kind of young people, or they are stupid and shy if they belong to another kind. They are talkative with nothing to say, and positive with nothing well and truly known; or they are monosyllabic dummies, who stammer out Yes and No at random, and whose brains become hopelessly confused at the first sentence a stranger utters. They are generally without pity; their want of experience making them hard toward sorrows which they scarcely understand, and, let us charitably hope, to a certain extent, ignorant of the pain they inflict. That famous article in the Times on the cruelty of young girls, *apropos* of Constance Kent's confession, though absurdly exaggerated, had in it the core of truth which gives the sting to such papers which makes them stick, and which is the real cause of the outcry they create. Girls are cruel; there is no question about it. If more passive than active, they are simply indifferent to the sufferings of others; if of a more active temperament, they find a positive pleasure in giving pain. A girl will say the most cruel things to her dearest friend, and then laugh at her because she cries. Even her own mother she will hurt and humiliate if she can; while as for any unfortunate aspirant not approved of, were he as tough-skinned as a rhinoceros she would find means to make him wince. But all this acerbity is toned down in the mature woman. Experience has enlarged her sympathies, and knowledge of suffering has softened her heart to the suffering of others. Her lessons of life too, have taught her tact; and tact is one of the most valuable lessons that a man or woman can learn. She sees at a glance where are the weak points and sore places in her companion, and she avoids them; or, if she passes over them it is with a hand so soft and tender, a touch so inexpressibly soothing, that she calms instead of irritating.

A girl would have come down upon the weak places heavily, and would have torn the bandages off the sore ones, jesting at scars because she herself had never felt a wound, and deriding the sybaritism of dischylon because ignorant of the anguish it conceals. Then the mature siren is thoughtful for others. Girls are self-asserting and aggressive. Life is so strong in them, and the instinct which prompts them to try their strength with all comers, and to get the best of everything everywhere, is so irrepressible, that they are often disagreeable because of their instinctive selfishness, and the craving, natural to the young, of taking all and giving back nothing. But the mature siren knows better than this. She knows that social success depends entirely on what each of us can throw into the common fund of society; that the surest way to be considered ourselves is to be considerate for others; that sympathy begets liking, and self-suppression leads to exaltation; and that if we want to gain love, we must first show how well we can give it. Her tact, then, and her sympathy, her moral flexibility and quick comprehension of character, her readiness to give herself to others, are some of the reasons, among others, why the society of a cultivated, agreeable woman of certain age is sought by those men to whom women are more than mere mistresses or toys. Besides, she is a good conversationalist. She has no pretensions to any special or deep learning—for, if pedantic, she is spoiled as a siren at any age—but she knows a little about most things; at all events, she knows enough to make her a pleasant companion, and able to keep up the ball when thrown. And men like to talk to intelligent women. They do not like to be taught or corrected by them, but they like that quick, sympathetic intellect which follows them readily, and that amount of knowledge which makes a comfortable cushion for their own. And a mature siren who knows what she is about would never do more than this, even if she could.

Though the mature siren rests her claims to admiration on more than mere personal charms, and appeals to something beyond the senses, yet she is personable and well preserved, and, in a favorable light, looks nearly as young as ever. So the men say who knew her when she was twenty; who loved her then, and have gone on loving her, with a difference, despite the twenty years that lie between this and then. Girls, indeed, despise her charms because she is no longer young; and yet she may be even more beautiful than youth. She knows all the little niceties of dress, and without going into the vulgar trickeries of paint and dyes—which would make her hideous—is up to the best arts of the toilet by which every minor beauty is given its fullest value. For part of the art and mystery of sirenhood is an accurate perception of times and conditions, and a careful avoidance of that suicidal mistake of which *la femme passee* is so often guilty—namely, setting herself in confessed rivalry with the young by trying to look like them, and so losing the good of what she has retained, and showing the ravages of time by the contrast. The mature siren is wiser than this. She knows exactly what she has and what she can do, and before all things, avoids whatever seems too youthful for her years; and this is one reason why she is always beautiful, because always in harmony. Besides, she has very many good points—many positive charms still left. Her figure is still good—not slim and slender, certainly, but round and soft, and with that slower, riper, laxier grace, which is something quite different from the antelope-like elasticity of youth, and in its own way as lovely.

If her hair has lost its maiden luxuriance, she makes up with crafty arrangements of lace, which are almost as picturesque as the fashionable wisp of hay-like ends tumbling half-way to the waist. She has still her white and shapely hands, with their pink filbert-like nails; still her pleasant smile and square small teeth; her eyes are bright yet, and if the upper muscles are a little shrunk, the consequent apparent enlargement of the orbit only makes them more expressive; her lips are not yet withered, her skin is not wrinkled. Undeniably, when well-dressed and in a favorable light, the mature siren is as beautiful in her own way as the girlish belle; and the world knows it and acknowledges it.

That mature sirens can be passionately admired even when very mature, history gives us more than one example; and the first name that naturally occurs to one's mind as the type of this is that of the too famous Ninon de l'Enclos. And Ninon, if a trifle mythical, was yet a fact and an example. But not going quite to Ninon's age, we often see women of forty and upwards who are personally charming, and whom men love with as much warmth and tenderness as if they were in the heyday of life—women who count their admirers by dozens, and who end by making a superb marriage, and having quite an Indian summer of romance and happiness. The young laugh at this idea of the Indian summer for a bride of forty-five; but it is true; for neither romance nor happiness, neither love nor mental youth, is a matter of years; and after all we are only as old as we feel, and certainly no older than we look. All women do not harden by time, nor wither, nor yet corrupt. Some merely ripen and mellow, and get enriched by the passage of years, retaining the most delicate womanliness—we had almost said girlishness—into quiet old age, and blushing under their gray hairs, while they shrink from anything coarse or vulgar or impure as sensitively as when they were girls. The woman of forty is the French term for the opening of the great gulf beyond which love cannot pass; but human history disproves this date, and shows that the heart can remain fresh and the person lovely long after—the mature siren can be adored by her own contemporaries when the rising generation regard her as nothing better than a chimney-corner fixture. Mr. Trollope has recognized the claims of the mature siren in his "Orley Farm" and "Miss Mackenzie;" and no one can deny the intense naturalness of the characters and the interest of the stories.

Another point with the mature woman is that she is not jealous nor exacting. She knows the world, and takes what comes with the philosophy that springs from knowledge. If she is of an enjoying nature—and she cannot be a siren else—she accepts such good as floats to the top without looking too deep into the cup and speculating on the time when she shall have drained it to the dregs. Men feel safe with her. If they have entered on a tender friendship with her, they know that there will be no scene, no tears, no upbraidings, when an inexorable fate comes in to end their pleasant little drama, with the inevitable wife as the scene-shifter. The mature siren knows so well that fate and the wife must break in between her and her friend, that she is resigned from the first to what is foredoomed, and so accepts her bitter portion, when it comes, with dignity and in silence. Where younger women would fall into hysterics and make a scene, perhaps go about the world taking their revenge in slander, the middle-aged woman holds out a friendly hand, and takes the back seat gallantly, never showing by word or look that she has felt her disposition. She becomes the best friend of the new household; and, if any one is jealous, ten to one it is the husband that is jealous of her love for his wife; or perhaps it is the wife herself, who cannot see what her husband can find to admire so much in Mrs. A., and who pouts at his extraordinary predilection for her, though of course, she would scorn to be jealous—as, indeed, she has no cause. For even a mature siren, however delightful she may be, is not likely to come before a young wife in the heart of a young husband. Though the French paint the love of a woman of forty as pathetic, because slightly ridiculous and certainly hopeless, yet they arrange the theory of their social life, so that a youth is generally supposed to make his first love to a married woman many years his elder, and a mature siren finds her last love in a youth. We have not come to this yet in England, either in theory or practice; and it is to be hoped that we never shall come to it.

Mature sirens are all very well for men of their own age, and it is pleasant to see them still loved and admired, and to recognise in them the claims of women to something higher than mere personal passion; but the case would be very different if they became ghoulish seducers of the young, and kept up the habit of love by entangling boyish hearts and blighting youthful lives. As they are now, they form a charming element in society, and are of infinite use to the world. They are the ripe fruit in the garden where else everything would be green and immature—the last days of the golden summer just before the chills of autumn come on; they contain in themselves the advantages of two distinct epochs, and while possessing as much personal charms as youth, possess also the gains which come by experience and maturity. They keep things together as the young alone could not do; and no gathering of friends is perfect which has not one or two mature sirens to give the tone to the rest, and prevent excesses. They soften the asperities of high-handed boys and girls, which else would be too biting; and they set people at ease, and make them in good humor with themselves, by the courtesy with which they listen to them, and the patience with which they bear with them. Even the very girls who hate them fiercely as rivals, love them passing well as half maternal, half sisterly companions; and the first person to whom they would carry their sorrows would be a mature siren, quite capable on her own part of having caused them. It would be hard, indeed, if the loss of youth did not bring with it some compensations; but the mature siren suffers less from that loss than any other kind of woman. Indeed, she seems to have a private elixir of her own which is not quite drained dry when she dies, beloved and regretted, at threescore years and ten; leaving behind her one or two old friends who were once her ardent lovers, and who still cherish her memory as that of the finest and most fascinating woman they ever knew—something which the present generation is utterly incapable of repeating.—*The Saturday Review.*

THE OLD WEDDING RING.

The sky was flooded with sunshine,
And blue—as blue as the deep;
Their white wings folded together,
The clouds were fallen asleep.

The air-harps of the forest
Were tuned to the sound of a psalm,
And their distant music touched me
With a thrill of infinite calm.

She stood in her bridal whiteness,
A lily pure and pale,
The gold of her ringlets shining
Through the mist of her floating veil.

And her lover, strong and stately,
In the pride of his gracious youth,
With a voice both deep and tender,
Plighted his manhood's truth.

He put the ring on her finger,
A band of virgin gold,
Broad and heavy, it bound her
His to have and to hold.

May it never change to a fetter,
Breaking her heart to wear;
May it be as dear as her mother's—
Is her mother's earnest prayer.

They have gone their way together,
And I sit in the summer night
Alone, with the thoughts of beauty
That flit through the soft moonlight.

I am turning on my finger
My own dear wedding ring,
And the memories of a lifetime
To the narrow circlet cling.

It is not so broad as my daughter's,
And the years have worn it thin,
But it clasped two hearts together
Its blessed bond within—

Hearts that but knit the closer
Through life in woe or weal—
That, present, were ever loving,
And, absent, were ever leal.

The years fall back like a curtain,
And my husband comes once more;
I see his form in the moonlight—
I hear his hand at the door.

I feel his touch on my forehead;
It falls like a seal of rest;
And my heart forgets it was tired,
As I lean my head on his breast.

French Husbands and Women's Rights.

Several gentlemen in Paris, whose wives participated in the meetings emphatically advocating the emancipation of women, played their spouses the following little trick:—

A lawyer, whom they engaged for this purpose, called at their houses in their absence, and desired to see madame. Madame was occupied with her toilet, but the visitor insisted on seeing her. So she was obliged to receive the lawyer, who very politely handed her a stamped paper. The lady read it in surprise, and turned very pale. The lawyer left her. What did the paper contain? An application for a divorce on the part of the husband. The lady passed long hours of painful suspense. At last her husband came home from his office.

"My friend, what is the meaning of this paper?" she asked, with a pale face. "Why, it is an application for a divorce from you. I believe you want to be free! I do not want to be your tyrant any longer." "I am sure," she said, with her kindest smile, "you have wet feet, and will catch cold, dearest husband! Pray sit down by the fire and warm yourself. Shall I get you a cup of tea?" "Oh, no, I am quite well," replied the wicked husband, laughing inwardly at her desire to do something to make him comfortable; "I am quite well, and I am sure you will likewise get well as soon as you are free."

"But, my dear husband, I do not understand what you mean. Shall I fetch your slippers?" "No, thank you. Why should you impose on yourself this slavish yoke which you have never borne? I heard your cries for deliverance. I am oppressing you, as you say, and henceforth I shall no longer work for you. Hitherto we men had to bear all the burdens and cares; we toiled all day long, passed sleepless nights in order to devise new ways of making money, and struggled with a thousand competitors in order to earn our daily bread, while you were dressing, taking rides, and allowing your idlers to make love to you. All this will cease. Down with slavery! We are in duty bound to restore such poor women as you to freedom and independence! Hurrah for liberty!" An hour afterwards the two sat down to supper. The lady no longer talks of her wrongs, and of her desire to recover her liberty. Similar scenes occurred at the houses of the other gentlemen.

Why do not the husbands of those American women who publicly claim that they are so much oppressed, apply for divorces? They surely are entitled to a separation.

☞ An amusing fact, illustrative of the little weight that should be accorded to petitions in favor of anybody or anything, happened in Albany several years ago. Two members of the Legislature were disputing on this subject, when one of them laid a wager of $100 that within three days he could procure a memorial with one hundred veritable names attached, asking the Legislature to pass a law to hang the Rev. Dr. Sprague, one of the most distinguished clergymen at the state capital. The bet was taken, the money put up, and within the time the memorial was produced. Of course the memorialists neither knew nor cared what they had signed.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

BY JEAN ADAMS.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her Sunday gown
And Jock his button coat;
And mak their shoon as black as sloes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair;
Make haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air:
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm dowricht dizzy wi' the thocht,
In troth I'm like to greet!

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave:
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest abeon the lave:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm dowricht dizzy wi' the thocht,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XII.

COASTDOWN.

Rushing through the streets of London, as if he were rushing for his life, went a gentleman in deep mourning. It was Robert Hunter. Very soon after we last saw her, he had followed the hearse that conveyed his wife to her long home in Katterley churchyard.

Putting aside his grief, his regret, his bitter repentance, her death made every difference to him. Had there been a child, the house and the income would have remained his; being none, it all went from him. Of his own money but little remained; he had been extravagant during the brief period when he was Lieutenant Hunter, had spent right and left. One does not do these things without having to pay for it. Mrs. Chester, going over to offer a condoling visit, heard this and spoke out her opinion with her usual want of reserve. She looked upon him as a man lost.

"No," said, he, "I am *saved!* I shall go to work now."

"Hoping to redeem fortune?" she rejoined.

"Yes," he said, "and something else besides."

Heavily lay the shadow of the past upon Robert Hunter. The drooping form of his loving and neglected wife, bright with hope once, mouldering in her grave now, was in his mind always; the years that he had wasted in frivolity, the money he had recklessly spent. Oh, the simpleton he was!—as he thought now, looking back in his repentance. When he had become master of a good profession, why did he abandon it because a little money was left him? To become a gentleman amongst gentlemen, forsooth; to put away the soiling of his hands; to live a life of vanity and indolence. Heaven had recompensed him in its own just way: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap. His soldiership was gone; his wife was gone; money, the greater portion of it, was gone. Nothing left to him but remembrance, and the ever-present, bitter sense of his folly. He was beginning life anew; he must go back to the bottom of the tree of his engineering profession, lower than where he had left off: he would so begin it and take up his work daily, and untiringly persevere in it, so as—Heaven helping him—to atone for the past. Not all the past. The wasted years were gone for ever; the gentle wife, whom he had surely helped to send to the grave, could not be recalled to earth. Not so much on his wife were his musings bent as on the career of work lying before him. He had so grieved for her in the days before and immediately after her death, that it seemed as though the sorrow had, in a degree, spent itself, and reaction set in. If his handicraft's best skill, indifference to privation, unflagging industry, could redeem the past idleness, he would surely redeem that. Not in a pecuniary point of view, it was not of that he thought, but the far graver one of wasted life. His eyes were opening a little: he saw how offensive on High must be a life of mere idle indulgence; a waste of that precious time, short at the best, bestowed upon him to use. This, this was what he had resolved to atone for: Heaven helping him, he once more aspirated in the sad but resolute earnestness of his heart.

Making an end of his affairs at Katterley, he came to London, presented himself at the office of the firm where he was formerly employed, and said he had come to ask for work. They remembered the clever, active, industrious young man, and were glad to have him again. And Robert Hunter—dropping his easy life, just as he dropped the name he had borne in it—entered on his career of toil and usefulness.

The spring was growing late when his employers intimated to him that he was going to be sent to Spain, to superintend some work there. Anywhere, he answered; he was quite ready, let them send him where they would.

On this morning that we see him splashing through the mud of London improvised by the water carts, he was busy making his preparations for departure, and was on his way to call on Professor Macpherson. He wanted some information in regard to the locality for which he was bound, and thought the professor could supply it. The previous night, sitting alone in his lodgings, he had been surprised, and rather annoyed, by the appearance of Mrs. Chester. That lady was in town on her own business, and found him out. Incautiously he let slip that he was going on the morrow to Dr. Macpherson's. She seized upon the occasion to make a visit also.

At this very moment Mrs. Chester was en route also. Pushing her way along, inquiring her road perpetually, getting into all sorts of odd nooks and turning, she at length emerged on the more open squares of Bloomsbury, and there she saw her brother, who had been calling at places on his way, in front of her.

"You might have waited for me, Robert, I think."

"I did wait twenty minutes. I came on then. My time is not my own, you know, Penelope."

"Have you seen anything of Lady Ellis since you came to London?" inquired Mrs. Chester, as they walked on together.

"No, I should not be likely to see her."

"She is staying in London; she came to it direct when she left me. At least, she was staying here; but in a letter I had from her she said she thought of going on a visit to Coastdown. Her plans—"

"Excuse me, Penelope, I don't care to hear of Lady Ellis's plans."

"You have grown quite a bear, Robert! That's what work's doing for you."

He laughed pleasantly.

"I think it is hurry that is doing it for me this morning. I feel as if I had no time for anything. Number fifteen. Here we are!"

It was a commodious house, this one in Bloomsbury, steps leading up to the entrance. He sent in his card, "Mr. Robert Hunter," and they were admitted.

"Lawk a' mercy! Is it you?" exclaimed Mrs. Macpherson, looking first at the card and then at its owner, as they were shown into a handsome room, and the professor's lady, in sky-blue silk, and a scarlet Garibaldi body elaborately braided with black, advanced to receive them. She did not wear the bird-of-paradise feather, but she wore something equivalent to it: some people might call it a cap, and some a turban—the front ornament of which, perching on the forehead, was an artificial bird, with shining wings of green and gold.

Mrs. Macpherson took a hand of each, shaking them heartily.

"And so you have put away your name?" she said.

"Strictly speaking, it never was my name," he answered. "It was my wife's. I had to assume it with her property—but when the property left me again, I thought it time to drop the name."

The professor came forward in his threadbare coat, with (it must be owned,) a great stream of some sticky red liquid down the front of it, for they had fetched him from his experimenting laboratory. But his smile was bright, his welcome genial. Mrs. Macpherson, whose first thoughts were always of hospitality, ordered luncheon to be got ready. Robert Hunter, sitting down between them, quietly told them he had become a working man again, and where he was going, and what to do. Mrs. Macpherson heard him with a world of sympathy.

"It's just one o' them crosses in life that come to a many of us," remarked she. "Play first and work afterwards! it's out o' the order of things. But take heart. You've got your youth yet, and you'll grow reconciled."

"If you only knew how glad I am to be at work again!" he said, a faint light of earnestness crossing his face. "My years of idleness follow me as a reproach—as a waste of life."

"But for a steady attention to my work and studies, I should never have been able to contribute my poor mite to further the cause of science," said the professor, meekly, speaking it as an encouragement to Rober Hunter.

"If he hadn't stuck at it late and early—burning the candle at both ends, as 'twere—he'd not have had his clogies at his fingers' tips," pursued Mrs. Macpherson, who often deemed it necessary to explain more lucidly her husband's meaning.

"And so you are about to migrate to Spain?" said the professor. "You—"

"He says he's going off to it by rail," interposed Mrs. Macpherson. "What are the people there? Blacks?"

"No, no, Betsy; they are white, as we are."

"I knew a Spanish man once, professor, and he was olive brown."

"They are dark from the effects of the sun. I thought you alluded to the race. The radiation of heat there is excessive; and—"

"That is, it's burning hot in the place," corrected Mrs. Macpherson. "I wish you joy of it, Mr. Hunter. You'll catch it full, a-laying down of your line of rail."

"I think you have been in Spain?" observed Mr. Hunter to the doctor.

"I once stayed some months there. What do you say?—that you want some information that you think I can supply? I hope I can. What is it? Please to step into my room."

The professor passed out of the door by which he entered, Mr. Hunter following him. A short passage, and then they were in the square back room consecrated to the professor and his pursuits. It was not a museum, it was not a laboratory, it was not a library, or an aviary of stuffed birds, or an astronomical observatory; but it was something of all. Specimens of earth, of rock, of flowers, of plants, of woods, of antiquarian walls; of animals, birds, fish, insects; books in cases, owls in cages; and a vast many more odd things too numerous to mention. Mrs. Macpherson thought it well to follow them.

"Law!" said she to Mrs. Chester, "did living mortal ever see the like o' the place?"

"What a confused mass of things it is!" was the answer, as Mrs. Chester's eyes went roving around in curiosity.

"*He* says it isn't. He has the face to tell me everything is in its place, and he could find it in the dark. The great beast there with its round eyes, is a owl that some of 'em caught and killed when they went out moralising into Herefordshire."

"Not moralizing, Betsy. One of the excursions of the Geological Society."

"It's all the same," interrupted Mrs. Macpherson; and the professor meekly turned to Mr. Hunter and continued an explanation he was giving him, a sort of earthenware pipe in his hand. The ladies drew near.

"You perceive, Mr. Hunter, there is a small aperture for the passing in of the atmospheric air."

"That is, there's a hole where the wind goes out," explained the professor's wife.

"By these means, taking the precaution I have previously shown you, the pressure on the valve may be increased to almost any given extent! As a natural consequence—"

"Oh, bother consequences!" cried Mrs. Macpherson; "I'm sure young Robert Hunter don't care to waste his time with that rubbish, when there's cold beef and pickled salmon waiting."

"Just two minutes, Betsy, and Mr. Hunter shall be with you. Perhaps you and Mrs. Chester will oblige us by going on."

"Not if I know it," said the lady, resolutely, "I've had experience of your 'two minutes' before to-day, professor, and seen 'em swell into two mortal hours. Come! finish what you've got to say to him, and we'll all go together."

Dr. Macpherson continued his explanations in a low voice, possibly to avoid more interruptions. Five minutes or so, and they moved from the table, the doctor still talking in answer to a question.

"Not yet. I grieve to say we have not any certain clue to it, and opinions are much divided among us. It needs these checks to remind us of our finite nature, Mr. Hunter. So far shalt thou go, but no farther. This is a law of the Divine Creator, and we cannot break it."

Robert Hunter smiled. "The strangest thing of all is to hear one of you learned men acknowledge as much. The philosopher's stone; perpetual motion; the advancing and receding tides—do you not live in expectation of making the secret of these marvels yours?"

Professor Macpherson shook his head. "If we were permitted; but we never shall be. *If.* That word has been the arresting point of man in the past ages, as it will be in the future. Archimedes said he could move the world, you know, if he had but an outward spot to rest the fulcrum of his lever on."

"It's a lucky thing for us that Archimy didn't," was the comment of Mrs. Macpherson. "It wouldn't be pleasant to be swayed about promiscuous, the earth tossing like a ship at sea."

Robert Hunter declined the luncheon; he had many things to do still, and his time in England was growing very short; so he said adieu to them both then, and to his sister.

"Now remember, Robert Hunter," said Mrs. Macpherson, taking both his hands, "when you visit England temporary, and want a friendly bed to put yourself into, come to us. Me and the professor took to you when we first saw you at Guild. You remember that night," she added, turning to Mrs. Chester: "we come up in a carriage and pair; I wore my orange brocade and my bird-o'-paradise; and there was a Lady Somebody there, one o' those folks that put on airs and graces; which isn't pretty in a my lady, any more than it is in a missis. You took our fancies, Mr. Hunter—though it does seem odd to be calling you that, and not Luke—and we'll look upon it as a favor if you'll come to us sometimes. The professor knows we shall, but he's never cute at compliments. He was born without gumption."

The professor's lingering shake of the hand, the welcoming look in his kindly eyes, said at least as much as his wife's words; and Robert Hunter went forth, knowing that they wished to be his friends.

So they sat down to their luncheon and he departed; and the same night went forth on his travels.

Coastdown lay low in the light of the morning sun. The skies were clear, the rippling sea was gay with its fishing boats. Spring had been very late that year, but this was a day warm and bright. The birds were singing, the lambs were sporting in the fields, the hedges were bursting into buds of green.

Swinging through the gate of the Red Court Farm, having been making a call there to fetch a newspaper, came Captain Copp; a sailor with a wooden leg, a pea jacket, and a black glazed hat. Captain Copp had been a merchant captain of the better class, as his father was before him. After his misfortune—the loss of his leg in an encounter with pirates—he gave up the sea, and settled at Coastdown on his small but sufficient income.

The captain's womenkind—as he was in the habit of calling the inmates of his house—consisted of his wife and a maid servant. The former was meek, yielding, gentle as those gentle lambs in the field; the latter, Sarah Ford, worth her weight in gold for honest capability, liked to manage the captain and the world on occasions. There were encounters between them. He was apt to call her a she-pirate and other affectionate names. She openly avowed her disbelief in his marvellous reminiscences, especially one that was a standing story with him concerning a sea-serpent that he saw with his own eyes in the Pacific Ocean. He had also seen a mermaid. Like many another sailor, the captain was a simple-minded man in land affairs, only great at sea and its surroundings; with implicit faith in all its marvels.

On occasions the captain's mother honored him with a visit; a resolute, well-to-do lady, who used to voyage with her husband, and had now settled in Liverpool. When she came she ruled the house and the captain, for she thought him (forty, now) and his wife little better than children yet. In solid sense, if you believed herself, nobody could approach her.

Captain Copp came forth from his call at the Red Court Farm, letting the gate swing behind him, and stumped along quickly, his stout stick and his wooden leg keeping time on the ground. The captain's face was beaming with satisfaction, for he had contrived to lay hold of young Cyril Thorneycroft, and recount to him (for the fiftieth time) the whole story of the sea-serpent from beginning to end. He was a short, wiry man, with the broad round shoulders of a sailor. The road branched off before him two ways, like an old fashioned fork; the way on the right led direct to the village and the common beach; the way on the left to his home.

The captain halted. Sociably inclined, he was rather fond of taking himself to the Mermaid; that noted public house where the sailors and the coast-guard men congregated to watch the omnibus come in from Jutpoint. It must be getting near to the time of its arrival, half-past eleven, and the captain's leg moved a step forward in the direction; on the other hand he wanted to say a word to that she-serpent Sarah (with whom he had enjoyed an encounter before coming out) about the dinner. The striking of the clock decided him, and he bore on for home, past the churchyard. Crossing part of the heath he came to the houses, red brick, detached, cheerful, his own being the third. At the window of the first sat an old lady. Captain Copp went through the little gate and put his face without ceremony against the pane, close to Mrs. Connaught's.

"How's the master this morning?" he called out through the glass.

She answered by drawing aside and pointing to the fire. An asthmatical old gentleman, just recovering from a fit of the gout, sat there in a white cotton nightcap and dressing-gown made of yellow flannel.

"He's come down for the first time, Captain Copp. He looks brave this morning," was Mrs. Connaught's answer.

"Glad to see ye, comrade; I'll come in later," cried the captain through the window, flourishing his stick in token of congratulation. And old Mr. Connaught, who had not heard a word, nodded the tassel of the white cap by way of answer.

In the parlor at home, when Captain Copp entered it, sat his wife at work, a faded lady with a thin and fair face. Taking out the newspaper he had brought, he began to open it.

"Did you see the justice, Sam?" asked his wife in her gentle, loving tones.

"No, he was out. I only saw Cyril. There'll be a fine row when he comes home. Mary Anne has run away."

Mrs. Copp dropped her work. "Run away! oh, Sam! Run away from where?"

"From where?—why, from school," said the choleric captain, who was just as hot as his wife was calm. "She came bursting in upon them this morning at breakfast, having run home all the eight miles. And she says she won't go back."

Mrs. Samuel Copp, who had never in her life presumed to take a walk without express permission given for it, lifted her hands in dismay. "I feared she would never stay at school; I feared she would not."

"Old Connaught is down-stairs to-day, Amy," observed the captain to her after a long interval of silence, as he turned his paper.

"I am glad of that. He suffers sadly, poor man."

"Well, he's getting old, you see; and he's one that has coddled himself all his life, which doesn't answer. I say! who's this?"

A vision of something bright had flashed in at the little garden gate, on its way to the door. Mrs. Copp started up, saying that it was Mary Anne Thorneycroft.

"Not a bit of it," said the captain. "Mary Anne Thorneycroft would come right in and not stand knocking at the door like a simpleton."

The knocking was very loud and decisive, such as, one is apt to fancy in a simple country place, must herald the approach of a visitor of consequence. Sarah appeared showing in the stranger.

"Lady Ellis, ma'am," she said to her mistress.

A dress of rich black silk, a handsome India shawl, a girlish straw bonnet, with a great deal of bright mauve ribbon about it, a white veil, and delicate lavender gloves. My lady had got up herself well for her journey; stylish, but not too fine to travel. She had discarded her mourning, but it was not convenient to wear her black silks. The captain and his wife rose.

Yes, it was Lady Ellis. But she had mistaken the direction given her, and had come to Captain Copp's instead of Mrs. Connaught's. When the explanation came, the gallant captain offered to take her in.

"Old Connaught is better to-day," observed he, volunteering the information. "He's down stairs in a nightcap and flannel gown."

Another minute, and Lady Ellis had the opportunity of making acquaintance with the articles of attire mentioned, and the old gentleman they adorned. Captain Copp, with his nautical disregard to ceremony, went into his neighbor's house as usual, without knocking, opening the sitting-room door, and sent the visitor in. Mrs. Connaught was not there, and he went to the kitchen in search of her. They were primitive-mannered, these worthy people of Coastdown, entering each others' kitchens or parlors at will.

Mr. Connaught, very excessively taken aback at the unexpected apparition, did nothing but look up with a stolid stare, as unable mentally to comprehend what the lady did there, and who she might be, as he was physically to rise and receive her. Lady Ellis lost her ready suavity for a moment, struck out of it by the curious old figure before her.

Mrs. Connaught was preparing some dainty little dish for her husband; sick people have fancies, and he liked her cooking better than the cook's. She heard the wooden leg coming along the passage.

"Here!" said the captain, "some lady wants you. Came by the omnibus from Jutpoint, I gather; got a white figure-head."

He stumped out the back way as he spoke, and Mrs. Connaught entered the parlor. When Lady Ellis was a girl of fifteen, twenty years before, and she an unmarried woman

EAST INDIA JUGGLERS.

A recent traveller thus describes the above scene:—"I confess I was glad to see the jugglers. I liked their feats as a boy, and I like them still. So I sat down within a few yards of them. One fellow beat the tom-tom with his fingers, in that hard, muscular, telling form, which elicits a sharp and loud reply; another played on a sort of flageolet; and another—but why venture into details when the picture is given? There they were squatted, four or five of them, a cobra spreading out his head in a basket, and a large Rock snake twisting about. The chief performer had a face which might have concealed a character fit for anything. It might possibly be good, but assuredly it had bad in it also. All, indeed, seemed types of that gipsy race, who are as much beyond the circle of our common sympathies as if for centuries they had been camped outside among the debris of old worlds.

"Through one of my friends, I asked for the well-known Mango trick. I am told that many intelligent young men profess to know how it is done. When inquiry is made on this point, however, I have hitherto found, to my regret, that at the moment they happen always to forget.

"While the tom-tom was beating, and the pipe playing, the juggler, singing all the time in low accents, smoothed a place in the gravel, three or four yards before us. Having thus prepared a bed for the plant to grow in, he took a basket and placed it over the prepared place, covering it with a thin blanket. The man himself did not wear a thread of clothing, except a strip round the loins. The time seemed to have come for the detective's eye! So just as he was becoming more earnest in his song, and while the tom-tom beat and the pipe shrilled more loudly, I stepped forward with becoming dignity and begged him to bring the basket and its cover to me. The juggler cheerfully complied. I examined the basket. It was made of open wicker-work. I then examined the cloth covering. It was thin, almost transparent, and certainly there was nothing concealed in it. I then fixed my eyes on his strip of clothing with such intentness that it was not possible it could have been touched without discovery; and bade him go on. I felt perfectly sure that the trick could not succeed. Sitting down, he stretched his naked arms under the basket, singing and smiling as he did so; he then lifted the basket off the ground, and behold a green plant, about a foot high! Satisfied with our applause, he went on with his incantations. After having sat a little, to give his plant time to grow, he again lifted the basket, and the plant was now two feet high. He naked us to wait a little longer that we might taste the fruit! But on being assured by those who had seen the trick performed before, that this result would be obtained, I confessed myself 'done' without the slightest notion of the how. I examined the ground, and found it was smooth and unturned. Apparently delighted with my surprise, the juggler stood up laughing. One of his companions just then chucked a pebble to him, which he put into his mouth. Immediately the same companion, walking backwards, drew forth a cord of silk, twenty yards or so in length. But this was not all the discharge, for the juggler, with his hands behind his back, threw forth from his mouth two decanter stoppers, two shells, a spinning-top, a stone, and several other things, followed by a long jet of fire! If the wise reader regrets so much space being occupied by such a story, let him pass it on to the children, foolish as myself, who will be glad to read it."

getting on for forty, they had seen a good deal of each other. Not having met since, each had some little difficulty in making the recognition of the other; but it dawned at last.

"I could not stay any longer from coming to see you," said Lady Ellis. "You seem to be the only link left of my early home and my dear parents. Forgive me for intruding on you to-day; had I waited longer I might not have been able to come at all."

She sat down and untied her bonnet, and laid hold of Mrs. Connaught's hand and kept it, letting fall some tears. Old Connaught stared more than ever; Mrs. Connaught, not a demonstrative woman, but simple and kindly, answered in kind.

"How long it seems ago! And you must have grown grand since then, Lady Ellis! But I never knew your people very much, you know."

"Ah, you forget! *I* grand!"—she went on, with a cheery laugh; "you will soon see how different I am from that. I came home to find nearly all those I cared for dead; you only are left, and I thought I must come down and find you out. Dear Mrs. Connaught, dear old friend, the longing for it got irrepressible."

Lady Ellis, it may be remembered, had pencilled down Mrs. Connaught's address at Mrs. Chester's, as supplied by Mr. Thornycroft. It might prove useful, she thought, on some future occasion. And the occasion had come.

The world, as she thought, had not dealt bountifully with her; quite the opposite. Not to mince the matter, she had to scheme to live, just as much as Mrs. Chester had, only in a different way. She liked good clothes, she liked ease and good living. Never, save for those few short days of her Indian marriage, had she known what it was to be free from care. Her father had liked play better than work; both he and her mother had a propensity to live beyond their income, to get into society that was above them, for they were not altogether gentlepeople. Extravagance, struggles, debts, pinching; all sorts of contrivances and care, outside show, meanness at home—such had been the experience of Angeline Finch, until some lucky chance took her to India as companion to a lady, and a still luckier introduced her to Sir George Ellis, an old man in his dotage. Two years of her reign as my lady—two blessed years; show, ease, life. Looking back upon them now, they seemed like a very heaven. But Sir George died; it came to an end; and she home to Europe again, where she found herself a little embarrassed how to get along in the world.

Whether she had lost sight of her European acquaintances during her stay in India, or whether she had originally not possessed many, certain it was they seemed scarce now.

The vision, coming and going almost like a flash of lightning, of Mr. Thornycroft and his daughter, the gentleman's evident admiration of her, the tales she heard (perhaps exaggerated) of the style of living and the wealth at the Red Court, had set her mind a-longing. She thought often how desirable would be a visit there: what might it not lead to? The determination to effect it grew into a settled hope. It might almost have been called a prevision, as you will find from what came of it. Of all the ills that can possibly befall this life, Lady Ellis, perhaps from the circumstances of her early experience, regarded poverty as the most fatal. She had grown to dread it awfully. After that short interval of ease and luxury, the thought of having to relapse back to contrivances, debts, duns, difficulties, turned her sick. Ah, what a difference it is!—what a wide gap between!—a shoulder of mutton for dinner one day, cold the next, hashed the third, beer limited, a gown turned and turned again, shabby at the best; and a good dinner of three courses and wines, and the toilette of Madame Elise!

And so, Lady Ellis, working out her own plans, had come swooping down to-day on Coastdown and Mrs. Connaught.

She went up to Mr. Connaught and took his hand; she looked admiringly at him, as if a yellow flannel gown and cotton nightcap were the most charming articles of attire that fashion could produce; she expressed her sorrow for his ailments with a gentle voice. Certainly she did her best to win his heart and his wife's, and went three-parts of the way towards doing it.

Meanwhile things were in a commotion at the Red Court Farm. On the departure of Miss Derode at Christmas the justice had put his daughter to school, an eligible place eight miles only away. She had gone rebelliously; stayed rebelliously; and now finished up by running home again.

As the justice found when he got home. Mary Anne flatly refused to go back. She refused altogether to leave home.

Mr. Thornycroft, privately not knowing in the least what to do with his self-willed daughter, sat in his magisterial chair, the young lady carpeted before him. All he could say, and he said a great deal, did not move her in the least; back to school she would not go. It seemed that she had resumed at once old habits; had fed her birds, sung her songs to the grand piano, danced gleefully in and out amid the servants, and finally put on a most charming silk dress of delicate color, that she would never have been permitted to wear at school, and was too good to have been taken there.

"I shall drive you back in an hour, Mary Anne."

"I will not go, papa."

"What's that, girl? Do you mean to tell me to my face you will not go when I say you shall? That's something new."

"Of course if you make me get into the carriage and drive me there yourself, I cannot help it; but I should run away again to-morrow."

"It is enough disgrace to you to have run away once."

Mary Anne stood, half in contrition, half in defiance. Nearly seventeen now, tall and fair, very handsome, she scarcely looked one to be coerced to this step. Her clear blue eyes met those of her father; the very self-same eyes as his, the self-same will in them.

"As to the disgrace, papa, I did nothing more than come straight home. It was the same thing as a morning walk, and I have often gone out for *that*."

"What do you suppose is to become of you?" questioned Mr. Thornycroft, the conviction seating itself within him that she would not be forced from home again. He ran away from school himself, and his father had never been able to get him back to it. Mary Anne had inherited his self-will.

"I can learn at home. Oh, papa, I will be very good and obedient if you let me stay."

"You are too old now to be at home alone. And you would not obey mademoiselle, you know."

"If you had wanted to place me at school you should have done it when I was young, papa. I am too old to be sent there now, for the first time."

Inwardly the justice acknowledged the truth of this. He began thinking that he must keep her, and engage some strict governess. But he did not want to do this; he objected to having governesses at the Red Court Farm.

"You don't believe me perhaps, papa. Indeed, I will be good and obedient; but you must not send me away!"

He supposed it must be so. He did not see his way clearly out of the dilemma; she had been indulged always, she must be indulged still. Some signs of relenting in the blue eyes—handsome still as his daughter's—Mary Anne saw it, and flew into his arms with a shower of tears.

What an opportunity for Lady Ellis! She stayed on at Mrs. Connaught's, and went daily to the Red Court, and read with Mary Anne and saw to her studies; and was her charming companion and indulgent governess. Excursions abroad in plenty! Going to Jutpoint in Mr. Thornycroft's high carriage; sailing to sea in Tomlett's boat; here, there, everywhere! The young men happened to be away at this period, and Lady Ellis had the field open.

There were some weeks of it. My lady had made a private arrangement with Mrs. Connaught, insisting upon paying for herself while she stayed. The sea air was doing her so much good, she said. The sea air! My lady would have taken up her permanent abode in old Bette's boat rather than have removed herself to a distance from that desirable pile of buildings, the Red Court Farm. Looking at it from her little chamber window, that is, at its chimneys, and imagining the charming life underneath, it appeared to her as a very haven of refuge.

And Justice Thornycroft was becoming fascinated. He began to think there was not such another woman in the world.

Perhaps there was not. Let Harry Thornycroft be assured of one thing—that when these clever women set their minds to lay hold of a man, to bend him to their will, in nine cases out of ten they will carry it out, surrounding circumstances aiding and abetting.

One day when she was dining at the Red Court Farm, she suggested to Mr. Thornycroft that he should take a dame de compagnie for Mary Anne. She always appeared to have that young lady's best interest on her mind and heart and tongue. Mary Anne, accustomed to do what she liked, went out with the cheese.

"It is the only thing, as you will not have a governess. Believe me, my dear sir, it is the only thing for that dear child," she urged, her dark eyes going straight out to the honest blue ones of Harry Thornycroft.

He made no reply. He was thinking that a dame de compagnie might be more troublesome at the Red Court than even a governess.

"Mary Anne wants now some one who will train her mind and form her manners, Mr. Thornycroft. It is essential that it should be done. Wanting a mother, wanting a step-mother, I see only one alternative—a gentlewoman, who will be friend, governess, and companion in one. It is a pity, for her sake, that you did not marry again."

Mr. Thornycroft poured out a glass of wine with a sudden movement, and drank it. Lady Ellis resumed, piteously.

"Ah, forgive me! I know I ought not to be so free to say these things. I was but thinking of that dear child. You will forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive," said the justice. "I am exceedingly obliged for the interest you take in her, and for any suggestion you may make. The consideration is—what to do for the best? I don't see my way clear."

He sat with his fine head a little bent, the light of the wax chandelier falling on his fair, and still luxuriant, hair; his blue eyes went out to the opposite wall, seeing nothing; his fingers played with the wine glass on the table. Evidently there were considerations to be regarded of which Lady Ellis knew nothing.

"It has been partly out of love to my daughter that I have never given her a step-mother," said he, coming out of his reverie. "Second wives are apt to make the home unhappy for the first children; you often see it."

She smiled sweetly on him. "Dear Mr. Thornycroft! Make the home unhappy! Ah, then, yes, perhaps so! Women with a hard selfish nature. Still I do not see how even *they* could help loving Mary Anne. She is so——"

What she was, Mr. Thornycroft lost the pleasure of hearing. Sinnett, the housekeeper, came in at this juncture, and said the landlord of the Mermaid, John Pettipher, had come up, asking to see the justice. Tomlett has been quarrelling with him, he says, sir," added Sinnett, "and he wants to have the law of him."

"Tomlett's a fool!" burst impulsively from the lips of Mr. Thornycroft. "Show him into the justice room, Sinnett."

He went out with a brief word of apology, and he never came back again. My lady sat and waited, and looked and hoped, but he did not return to gladden her with his presence. At length Sinnett came in with some tea.

"Is Mr. Thornycroft gone out?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady. He went out with John Pettipher.

She almost crushed the fragile cup of Sevres china in her passionate fingers. Had Mr. John Pettipher heard the good wishes lavished upon him that evening, he might have stared considerably.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT WAS THE FEAR?

The early buds had gone, the flowers of May were springing. Richard and Isaac Thornycroft were at home again, and the old profuse, irregular mode of life reigned at the Red Court Farm.

The skies are gray this afternoon; there is a chilliness in the early summer air. Mr. Thornycroft, leaning lightly on the slender railings, that separate his grounds from the plateau, looks up to see whether rain will be falling.

There was trouble at home with Mary Anne. Uncontrolled as she was just now, no female friend to watch over her, she went her own way. Not any very bad way; only a little inexpedient. Masters came from the nearest town for her studies, taking up an hour or two each day; the rest of it she exercised her own will. The fear of school had subsided by this time, and she was growing wilful again—careering about on the heath; calling in at Captain Copp's and other houses; seated on some old timber on the beach, talking to the fishermen; riding off alone on her pony; jolting away (she had done it twice) in the omnibus to Jutpoint, without saying a word to anybody. Only on the day previous she had gone out in old Bette's tub of a boat, with the old man and his little son, got benighted, and frightened them at home. Clearly this was a state of things that could not be allowed to continue; and Mr. Thornycroft, leaning there on the railings, was revolving a question: should he ask Lady Ellis to come to the Red Court Farm as dame de compagnie?—or as his wife?

"Of the two, a wife would be less dangerous than a companion," thought Justice Thornycroft, giving the light railings a shake with his strong hand. "I'm not dying for either; but then—there's Mary Anne."

Almost as if she had heard the word, his daughter came out of the house and ran up to him. The justice put his hand on hers.

"What are you doing here, papa?"

"Thinking about you."

"About me?"

"Yes, about you. You are getting on for seventeen, Mary Anne; you have as much common sense as most people; therefore—listen, I want to speak to you seriously."

She had turned her head at the ringing of the bell of the outer gate. But the injunction brought it round again.

"Therefore you must be quite well aware, without my having to reiterate it to you, that this kind of thing cannot be allowed to go on."

"I do no harm," said Mary Anne, knowing well to what the words tended.

"Harm or no harm, it cannot go on; it shall not. Now, which will you do—go to school again, or have a governess?"

"I don't want either," she answered, with a pout of her decisive lips.

"Or would you like—it is the one other alternative—a lady to come here as your friend and companion?"

"Frankly speaking, papa, I don't see what the difference would be between a companion and a governess. Of course, of the two I'd rather have a companion. To school I will not go. Lady Ellis was talking to me of this. I think she was fishing to be the companion herself."

"Fishing!" echoed the justice.

"Well, I do."

"Would you like her?"

"Not at all, papa."

"Who is it that you would like?" asked the justice, tartly.

"I should *like* nobody in that capacity. I might put up with it; but that is very different from liking."

"For my own part, if we decide upon a companion, there's no one I would so soon have as Lady Ellis," remarked Mr. Thornycroft. "Would you?"

"La la, la la!" sang Mary Anne, her eyes following a passing bird.

"Answer me without further trifling," sternly resumed Mr. Thornycroft, putting his hand on her shoulder.

The tone sobered her. "Of course, papa; if some one must come, why, let it be Lady Ellis."

Heaving a sort of relieved sigh, he released her, and she went away singing to herself a scrap of a pretty little French song, the refrain of which was, rendered in English—"If you come to-day, madam, you go to-morrow."

The misapprehension that arises in this world! None of us are perfectly open one with the other. Between the husband and the wife, the parents and the children, the brothers and the sisters, involuntary deceit reigns. Mr. Thornycroft assumed that Lady Ellis would be more acceptable to his daughter as a resident at the Red Court than any one else that could be found; had Miss Thornycroft spoken the truth boldly, she would have said that my Lady Ellis was her *bete noire;* the person she most disliked of all others on earth.

But the chief question was not solved yet in the mind of Justice Thornycroft. Should it be wife, or should it be only companion? He was quite sufficiently taken with my lady's fascinations to render the first alternative sufficiently agreeable in prospective; he deemed her a soft-hearted, yielding gentlewoman; he repeated over again to himself the mysterious words, "As a wife she would be less dangerous than a companion." But still, there were considerations against it that made him hesitate. And with good cause.

He went strolling towards the village, turning down the waste land, a right of way that was his own, past the plateau. The first house, at the corner of the street, was the Mermaid. He passed the end of it, and struck across to a low commodious cottage on the cliffs, whose rooms were all on the ground-floor. Tomlett lived in it; he was called the fishing-boat master, and was also employed occasionally on the farm of Mr. Thornycroft, as he had leisure. Mrs. Tomlett, a little woman with a red face and shrill voice, was hanging out linen on the lines to dry.

"Where's Tomlett to-day?" asked the justice. "He has not been to the farm."

Mrs. Tomlett turned sharply round, for she had not heard the approach, and dropped a curtsey to the justice. "He have gone to Dartfield, sir," she answered, lowering her voice to the key people use when talking secrets. "Mr. Richard he come in the first thing this morning and sent him."

Mr. Thornycroft nodded, and went away, muttering to himself exclusively something to the effect that Richard might have mentioned it. Passing round by the Mermaid again, he went towards home.

And he was charmingly rewarded. Standing on the waste land near the plateau, in her pretty and becoming bonnet of delicate primrose and white, her Indian shawl folded gracefully round her, her dress looped, was Lady Ellis.

"Do you know, Mr. Thornycroft," she said, as he took her hand, "I have never been on the plateau. Will you take me?"

Mr. Thornycroft hesitated visibly. "It is not a place for a lady to go to," he said, after a pause.

"But why not? Mary Anne told me one day you objected to her going on it."

"I do. The real objection is the danger. The cliff has a treacherous edge just there, and you might be over before you were aware. A sharp gust of wind, a footing too near or not quite secure, and the evil is done. Some accidents have occurred there; one, the last of them, was attended by very sad circumstances, and I then had these railings put round."

"You said the *real* objection was the danger; is there any other objection?" resumed Lady Ellis, who never lost a word or its emphasis.

"There are certain superstitious fancies connected with the plateau," answered Mr. Thornycroft, and very much to her surprise his face took a solemn look, his voice a subdued tone, just as if he himself believed in them: "a less tangible fear than the danger, but one that effectually scares visitors away, at night especially."

They were walking round towards the Red Court now, to which he had turned, and Mr. Thornycroft changed the subject. She could not fail to see that he wished it dropped. At the gates of the farm she wished him good afternoon, and took the road to the heath.

Justice Thornycroft did not enter the gates, but went round to the back entrance. Passing by the various outbuildings, he gained the yard, just as a man was driving out with a wagon and team.

"Where are you going?" asked the justice.

"After the oats, sir. Mr. Richard telled me."

"Is Mr. Richard about?"

"He be close to his own stables, sir."

Mr. Thornycroft went on across the yard, not to the house but to the stables at its end. This portion of the stables (as may be remembered) was detached from the rest, and had formed part of the old ruins. It was shut in by a wall. The horses of the two elder sons were kept there, and their dog-cart. It was their whim and pleasure that Hyde, the man-servant (who could turn his hand to anything indoors or out,) should attend to this dog-cart and the horses used in it, and not the groom. Richard was sitting on the frame of the well just on this side the wall, doing something to the collar of his dog.

"Dicky," said the justice, without any sort of circumlocution, "I think I shall give the Red Court a mistress."

Richard lifted his dark stern face to see whether—as he verily thought—his father was joking. "Give it a what?" he asked.

"A mistress. I shall take a wife, I think."

"Are you mad, sir?" asked Richard, after a pause.

"Softly, softly, Dick."

Richard lifted his towering form to its full height. Every feeling within him, every sense of reason rebelled against the notion of the measure. A few sharp words ensued, and Richard went into a swearing fit.

"I knew it would be so; he was always hot and hasty," thought the justice to himself. "What behavior do you call this?" he asked aloud. "Perhaps if you'll hear what I have to say you may cool down. Do you suppose I should be intending to marry for my own gratification?"

"I don't suppose you'd be marrying for that of anybody else," said the undaunted Richard.

"It is for the sake of Mary Anne. Some one *must* be here with her, and a wife will be less—less risk than a crafty, inquisitive governess."

"For the sake of Mary Anne!" ironically retorted Richard. "Send Mary Anne to school."

"I did send her; and she came back again."

"I'd keep her there with cords. I said so at the time."

"Unfortunately she won't be kept. She has a touch of the Thornycroft will, Dick."

"Hang the Thornycroft will!" was Dick's angry answer. Not but what it was a stronger word he said.

"When you have cooled down from your passion I'll talk further with you," said the justice, some irritation arising in his own tone. "You have no right to display this temper to me. I am master here, remember, Dick; though sometimes, if appearances may be trusted, you like to act as if you forgot that."

Richard bit his dark lip.

"You must know how inexpedient the measure would be, sir. Give yourself a wife!—the house a mistress? Why, the place might no longer be our own."

"Do you suppose I have not weighed the subject on all sides? I have been weeks considering it, and I have come to the conclusion that of the two—a wife or a governess—the former will be the less risk."

"No," said Richard; "a governess may be got rid of in an hour; a wife, never."

"But a governess might go out in the world and talk; a wife would not."

Richard dashed the dog's collar on the ground which he had held all the while.

"Mark me, father," he said, his stern eyes and resolute lips presenting a picture of angry warning rarely equalled, "this step, if you enter on it, will lead to what you have so long lived in dread of,—to what we are ever scheming to guard against, Mary Anne! Before that girl's puny interests should lead me to—to a measure that may bring ruin in its wake, I'd send her off to the wilds of Africa."

He strode away, haughty, imperious, rigid in his sharp condemnation. Mr. Thornycroft, one of those men whom opposition only hardens, turned to the fields, thinking of his brother Richard; Dick was so like him. There he found Isaac, stretched idly on the ground with a book. The young man rose at once in his respect to his father. His handsome velveteen coat, light summer trowsers and white linen, his tall form with its nameless grace, his fair features, clear blue eyes, and waving light hair, presenting as fine a picture as man ever made.

"That's one way of being useful," remarked Mr. Thornycroft.

Isaac laughed.

"I confess I am idle this afternoon: and there's nothing particular to do."

"Isaac—" Mr. Thornycroft came to a long pause, and then went on rapidly, imparting the news that he had to tell. And it was a somewhat curious fact, that an embarrassment pervaded his manner in making this communication to his second son, quite contrasting with the easy coolness shown to his eldest. A bright flush rose to Isaac's fair Saxon face as he listened.

"A wife, sir! Will it be well that you should introduce one to the Red Court?"

"Don't make me go over the ground again, Isaac. I repeat that I think it *will* be well. Some lady must be had here—a wife or a governess, and the former in my judgment will be the lesser evil."

"As you please, of course, sir," returned Isaac, who could not forget the perfect respect and courtesy due to his father, however he might deplore the news. "I have heard you say—"

"Well? Speak out, Ikey."

"That had the time to come over again you would not have married my mother. I think it killed her, sir."

"My marrying her?" asked the justice in a joke.

Isaac smiled.

"No, sir. You know what I mean; the constant state of fear she lived in."

"She was one of those sensitive, timid women that fear works upon; Cyril is the only one of you like her," said the justice, his thoughts reverting with some sadness to his departed wife. "But the error committed there, Isaac, lay in my disclosing it to her."

"In disclosing what, sir?" asked Isaac, rather at sea.

"The secret connected with the Red Court Farm," laconically answered Mr. Thornycroft.

There ensued a pause. Isaac put a straw in his lips and bit it like a man in pain. He had loved his mother with no common love; to hear that her place was to be occupied, fell on him like a blow, putting aside other considerations against it.

"It is a *great* risk, sir."

"I don't see it Isaac. But for an accident your mother would never have suspected. I then disclosed the truth to her, and I cursed myself for the folly afterwards. But for that she might have been with us now. As to risk, we run the same every day with Mary Anne. Ah, me! your poor mother was too sensitive, and the fear killed her"

Isaac winced. He remembered how his mother had faded visibly, day by day; he could see, even now, the alarm in her soft eyes that the twilight often brought.

Mr. Thornycroft went away with the last words. Richard, who appeared to have been reconnoitering, came striding up to his brother, and let off a little of his superfluous anger, talking loud and fast.

"He is going out of his senses; you know it must be so, Isaac. Who is the woman? Did he tell you?"

"No," replied Isaac; "but I can give a pretty shrewd guess at her."

"Well?"

"Lady Ellis."

"Who?" roared Richard, as if too much surprised to hear the name distinctly.

"Lady Ellis. I have seen him walking with her two or three times lately."

"The devil take Lady Ellis!"

"So say I; rather than she should come into the Red Court."

"Lady Ellis!" repeated Richard, panic-stricken. "*That* beetle-browed, bold-eyed woman—with her soft, false words, and her stealthy step! 'Ware her, Isaac. Mark me, 'ware her, all of us, should she come home to the Red Court!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The anti-gambling association in New York has reported 1,004 clerks.

☞ It is proposed to explore the Australian continent from east to west at a cost of $35,000 a year for three years. More than half of Australia remains unexplored, and, although it is possible that it is merely an arid desert, yet still it is likely that it will be found to have resources of great value.

☞ SCARCE ARTICLE.—A beggar woman, coming into a house where Nellie was sitting alone, asked for charity. "Charity!" said Nellie. "I guess we are most out."

☞ North Carolina makes more money from her peanut crop than from her cotton crop.

☞ In New York, fashion has just decreed that brides shall reside one year with their parents.

☞ A correspondent of a San Francisco paper has started the theory that the spread of the smallpox is attributable to the presence of cats. He has made a careful investigation and discovered that where cats are, there also is or has been the loathsome disease, and that, on the other hand, it has avoided catless premises. He proposes a general slaughter of the innocents.

☞ The annual consumption in England of every kind of intoxicating fluid was 1,023,000,000 gallons! This indicates a monstrous consumption of strong potations, and would seem to give color to the story of an American traveller, that when he called for water at an English inn, with a design of satisfying his thirst, the servant brought him a wash-pitcher and a basin, never supposing that water could be wanted except to use externally.

☞ "Equality means," says a French writer, "a desire to be equal to your superiors and superior to your equals."

☞ A Stradurian violoncello was recently sold in Paris for $4,000.

☞ There are 30,000,000 acres of uncultivated land in Great Britain.

☞ Seaforth is a Canadian town where flour is quoted at $4 a barrel.

☞ From a dialogue reported in *La Vie Parisienne*, it appears that the necessity for classifying French novels has at last been recognized. A lady entering a circulating library, asks for a novel. "I don't know how to tell you exactly the kind I want," she says. "Oh, I think we shall be able to suit you." "I mean something lively," explains the intending reader; "the sort of book that would not be precisely suitable for the library of a young girl." "Marie," cries the keeper of the book-shop to her assistant, "novel for a woman of thirty-five."

☞ "My dear," asked John, on observing new striped hose on our only heir, "why have you made barber's poles of Ernie's legs?" "Because he's a little shaver."

☞ The Pope's sense of humor is proverbial in Rome, and he gave a good example of it the other day to a corporation of bakers, who asked an audience of him in order to remonstrate against a new and excellent public oven which supplies far better bread on much lower terms than they have been in the habit of making. This interference with their long-enjoyed monopoly was, of course, although a great popular benefit, a grievous injury in their eyes. "Holy Father," said the spokesman, "it is very hard on us; we have worked so long for the public benefit." "It is quite true, my son," replied the Pope; "and it's high time you rested a little, and let other people work."

☞ This conundrum from Punch is as bad as any yet heard from, as well as inaccurate, in view of Chicago:—Which is the wickedest portion of America? Why, Sin-sin-naughty, to be sure.

☞ General McClellan has declined the Presidency of Union College, N. Y., on account of being engaged in other business enterprises of high importance.

☞ A young woman in Montana was charged with "putting on airs," when she refused to go to a ball barefooted.

☞ "Is Mr. Jones in?" asked an Irishman of the porter at a hotel.

"No," was the reply; "will you leave your name?"

"Och, murther! do you think I'd be after going home without a name?"

☞ An Illinois railway is getting freight cars built on which is painted, "From Ocean to Ocean—No Transfer."

☞ A Wisconsin legislative committee has reported unanimously in favor of the re-enactment of the death penalty for murder.

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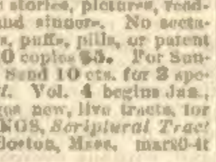

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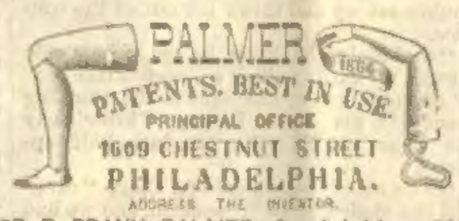

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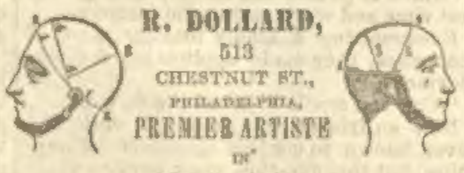

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Still in the field **ahead of everybody.** They are having new consignments every day, which they sell at manufacturers' *prices. Send in your clubs from all quarters.* Agents wanted in every town in the country. CUSHMAN & CO., Box B, Boston, Ms.

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If all returned. A little extra exertion secures it. Send for circulars with new commission rates, before sending your clubs elsewhere. One trial will convince you that our terms to agents are not excelled, and the quality of our goods unequalled by any other house in our line of business.

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Should send 25 cts. for a specimen copy of the latest and best Music Book for Sabbath-schools, by J. P. Webster, entitled the

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A choice collection (160 pages) of the most beautiful hymns and tunes, arranged as solos, duets, trios, and choruses, all but six of which were composed expressly for this work. Published by LYON & HEALY, Clark and Washington Sts., Chicago.

$10 A DAY to agents selling SILVERS' PATENT ELASTIC BROOMS. *Horace Greeley* says: "I predict its success." CLEGG & CO., 39 Cortlandt st., New York.

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☞ Sample and prices sent free. Address PAUL, the Remnant Man, Providence, R. I.

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$3000 SALARY. Address U. S. PIANO CO., N. Y.

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Will add three columns of figures at a time **correctly,** about as quick as a good writer can set them down. Leading accountants say it is the most practical **Adding Machine** ever in use. Agents wanted. **There is money in it.** Sample sent to any address for **One Dollar.** R. H. WALKER, 208 Broadway, New York. P. O. Box 3986.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Office Seeker.

The following is from an old story, by J. K. Paulding, the novelist, and first went the rounds of the press thirty years ago. It represents a conversation between a member of the Cabinet and a hanger-on for office, and is suitable for the present time.

The Secretary was called from his bed one cold winter morning, to attend to business of the "utmost consequence." He found a queer, long-sided man, at least six feet high, with a little apple head, a long queue, and a face critically round, as rosy as a ripe cherry; and the following conversation ensued:—

"Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?"

"Why, any, I'm not very particular, but somehow or other, I think I should like to be a Minister. I don't mean of the Gospel, but one of them Ministers to foreign parts."

"I'm very sorry, very sorry indeed, there is no vacancy just now. Would not some other place suit you?"

"Why-y-y," answered the apple-headed man, "I wouldn't much care if I took a situation in one of the departments. I wouldn't much mind being a Comptroller, Auditor, or something."

"My dear sir, I'm sorry, very sorry indeed, but it happens, unfortunately, that all these situations are at present filled. Would not you take something else?"

My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to bring down the soarings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At length he answered—

"Why-y-y, yes; don't care if I get a good Collectorship, or Inspectorship, or Surveyorship, or Navy Agency, or any thing of that sort."

"Really, my good sir," said the Secretary, "I regret exceedingly that not only all these places, but every other place of consequence in the Government, is at present occupied. Pray, sir, think of something else."

He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger to one of the public offices. Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast perplexity, and looked all around the room, fixing his eye at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. At last putting on one of the drollest looks that ever adorned the face of man, he said:—

"Mister, you and I seem to be built pretty much alike; *haven't you some old clothes you can spare?*"

Reply to a Life Agent's Circular.

The following somewhat facetious replies to a Life Agent's circular, requesting information as to the health and habits of an applicant, were received at a prominent Life Office:—

1. How long have you known ——? Since two years after I was born.

2. What are his general habits? In winter, red flannel and blue beaver; in summer, a straw hat canted to one side, and nankeen trowsers, very loose in the legs.

3. What is his profession? Congregationalist.

4. Do you know, or have you heard that he has ever been afflicted with gout, asthma, consumption, spitting of blood, or any other disorder to shorten life? No; but he can have it if it is desired by the company.

5. Has he ever had vertigo or singing in his head? Yes; he snores nightly, and daily hears the music of the sewing-machine.

6. Has he ever been afflicted with fits or rupture? Never had a fit in his life—his tailor being very unsuccessful—but once had a rupture with his landlady.

7. Has he ever had fever and ague? Had a fever last summer when the thermometer was at ninety.

8. What state was he in when you saw him last? State of Michigan.

9. Has his application ever been rejected? Yes, once—promptly, by a lady.

10. Do you think his life safely insurable? Not at his own valuation. Bought at his own estimate and sold at that of the people, he would break any bank in the country.

11. Do you call his lungs sound? No, I call them inflated air tubes.

12. What age do you consider him? Old enough to know more than he does.

13. Does he smoke or chew? He smokes when he chooses.

14. Is he of steady habits? Yes, he is agent for Fairbanks' scales and balances.

15. What is his height? That depends upon the thickness of his boots.

16. Has he children? Yes—two nephews.

17. Is he ordinarily sober? I never heard him laugh but once, and that was at his own joke.

What Killed Him.

A few years ago, when Judge Gould of Troy, lately deceased, was holding court in that city, a prisoner was being tried before him for willful murder, in causing the death of a man by a pistol shot. An eminent physician and surgeon was on the stand as a witness for the defence.

The prisoner's council, an adroit lawyer, attempted to show that the man, who lived some little time after being shot, might have died from some other cause, and examined his witness after this style:

"Doctor, would not such a thing cause death?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, doctor, might not this man have died from such and such causes?"

"Oh, yes, he might."

"This is quite sufficient for us," exclaimed the defendant's counsel, with an air of triumph, twirling his eye-glass.

Judge Gould turned on his seat, bent his large, keen, penetrating black eye full on the witness, and said a little sharply:

"Doctor, you have now told us what *might* have caused this man's death; what *did* cause his death?"

"*The bullet*, sir," answered the witness. This ended the case.

☞ Old Dicky S—— is a very wealthy but a very illiterate East India merchant, and a member of the Oriental Club of London. One day Dicky took a pair of compasses, and set about examining a large map of India, the margin of which was illustrated with drawings of the wild and domestic animals of the country. Suddenly Dicky dropped the compasses in amazement. "It can't be!—it aint in the horder of natur that it should be! Impossible! ridiculous!" "Why, Dicky, what's the matter?" "Wot's the matter? Vy, this Bengal tiger is ninety miles long!" Dicky had measured the tiger by the scale of the map.

☞ A baker has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light that a pound only weighs six ounces.

AMONG THE RUINS.

Miss Angelina Gushing.—"Oh, is it not strange, Captain Fitstoff, that all that is old is beautiful!"

A correspondent at Utica informs us that a couple of Irish lads of that city, wishing to obtain a little pocket-money, determined to go into the country during harvest time and work among the farmers.

Encountering a kindly looking man of that class, they made application for employment.

"Can you cradle?" asked the farmer.

Now an Irishman in search of work was never known to confess ignorance of anything, but this question was a perplexer.

The boys looked at each other for suggestion. No use.

At length Dennis, looking boldly at the farmer, said:

"Of course we can cradle, but *couldn't ye give us a job out doors.*"

Retaliation.—A witness in a late divorce suit kept saying that the wife had a retaliating disposition—that she "retaliated for every little thing."

"Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel.

"Yes, sir; often."

"Well, what did she do on such occasions?"

"She always retaliated, sir."

What is Fitness in Marriage.

The secret of fitness in marriage is *opposition of temperament with identity of aim.* Partners thus mated are in perfect sympathy of interests and purpose; while the difference of the methods which they use in seeking these common interests supplies a stimulus, a novelty, an unfailing variety to the daily experience of their lives. Each is thus the complement of the other's nature. One may be grave, the other gay; one mainly intellectual, the other all heart; one impetuous, the other cool and deliberate; the most timid and delicate bride may wed the sturdiest and loudest-voiced Ajax of a husband; but these very differences will be mutually attractive, delightful, adjuvant to married lovers that have a single heart and will. Unity of purpose, variety of means toward that purpose—these are the conditions which lead to the truly happy marriages—the marriages in which each partner

Fulfils
Defect in each; and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single, pure, and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart, beating, with one full stroke—
Life.

And when this unity of purpose and difference of temperament combine in a pair whose natures, intrinsically superior, have been developed by sufficient culture, and warmed by genuine love, do not all the conditions seem to exist that make life as well as marriage happy? When men and women aspire towards strength, fineness, nobility of nature in themselves, and require this intrinsic excellence in their mates, when they choose their partners according to these laws of inherent fitness, they gain possessions which are not trivial, like the culture with which the coarsest human grain is often veneered; which are not unstable, like fortune, which are not mistaken or transient, like so much of love. "Where the superior man dwells," says Confucius, "how can there be wretchedness?" The superior man, the superior woman, these are the prizes in any relation of life; and especially in that of marriage. Finding them, one need not ask the question with which I began. Their well-mated love is sweet; their happiness, their highest fortunes, are secure.—*April Galaxy.*

James Bowie and Henry Clay.

A correspondent says, Beverdy Johnson used to tell a story of Henry Clay apropos of himself. Reverdy married Mary Bowie, a cousin of James Bowie, or "Jeemes" Bowie, the inventor of the Bowie knife.

One day Henry Clay, who had arrived at Frederick, Maryland, by stage from Wheeling, met Reverdy Johnson on the street.

"Reverdy," he said, "I have just had an extraordinary acquaintance back at Cumberland. A man got half my seat in the stage-coach—a little, knotty, freckled fellow; and on the next seat were a man and his wife; and on the third seat a couple of big men.

"We had no sooner started and got clear of Cumberland, than one of the big men on the forward seat lighted a cigar. He puffed and puffed, till in a little while the stage-coach was full of fumes, and the woman grew very sick. She asked her husband to raise the window, and, still unable to bear the smoke, told him she must lean upon his lap.

"The husband leaned over and said to the smoking man: 'My wife is sick. Please do not smoke inside.'

"The big man smoked like a blast chimney, and paid no heed whatever. The woman grew fainter, and coughed. My blood was boiling, but I knew the man could double me up and throw me out of the window.

"Suddenly the little being at my side leaned forward, pulled a bowie-knife out of his coat collar, and said to the smoking giant: 'I am James Bowie. Throw away the cigar, or I'll split you into half apples!'

"The man," concluded Mr. Clay, "dropped the cigar like an automaton, and we had not a word spoken for thirty miles."

Crossing a Bayou.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

"I was out a hunting once," he said, in good Westernese which I shall not attempt to imitate, "on this river [the Mississippi,] and I came late in the day to a bayou. My way lay down the river, and round that bayou was six or seven miles, while across it was only two or three hundred yards. I didn't want the walk, and I didn't want to be belated, so I determined to try the bayou. There was no water in it; it was all mud—that kind of slimy, greasy quick-mud that holds on to a man, and slowly sucks him down in spite of all his strength. I knew the danger, but I thought I could manage it. Hunting about I found two planks washed up from some old flat-boat, maybe years before. With these I started out, stepping from one to the other, pulling first one and then the other from behind me and putting it ahead, till I got to about the middle of the bayou. Every step I had taken was more and more difficult. The farther I went the more my planks were sucked down by the devilish mud, till I could stand up no longer, but was obliged first to sit and then to lie down flat on my stomach, to divide my weight more equally. Hauling myself on to the foremost, I would turn round as on a pivot, grasp the plank behind, haul it alongside, and then shove it ahead of me. Pretty soon I had to help my hands with my teeth, for all the strength of both was needed to raise the planks from the quagmire that sucked them down. At last one of them sunk beyond my reach. Flat on my face on a single plank, in the middle of the bayou, the mud rising around me ready to swallow me up,—I considered. I couldn't swim ashore, for I wasn't in the water; I couldn't wade, for to stand up was to go down like a plummet; to move six inches either way was sure death. No human aid could ever reach me; no human creature might pass that way for months; no house, no road was within miles of me. My only chance for life was another plank. That I must have or lie there till I starved to death, or roll over and make an end of it in the nasty mud. Then I remembered my jack-knife. Getting it out of my pocket, I cut under me, lying flat as I was, slowly and patiently upon the plank that long seasoning had made almost as hard as iron, till I cut it in two. Then pulling myself forward on the farther half, I drew the hindmost ahead of me again, and so went on as before. I got out at last; but, stranger, I was the ugliest-looking white man when I crawled ashore that ever you did see!" He patted his long rifle affectionately, and added: "But I never parted with her!"—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞ The belle of a ball at New Albany, Indiana, was recognized as one who earned her living by begging at a street corner dressed in filthy rags.

AGRICULTURAL.

What is a Good Cow.

What we need is a good cow that can eat and digest a good deal of food, and can then convert it into milk, not into meat or fat. It is by careful attention to and development of some points, that the good milker is at last obtained. What are these points?

First: health, good constitution or digestive apparatus, for which we require a capacious belly.

Second; that the largest possible development of the animal shall be behind, in the udder and parts adjacent.

A good cow is likely to be wedge shaped, of which the head is the smaller end.

Big heads, or horns, or shoulders are not desired, because they have to be nourished by the food. But these are indispensable; a large bag, and hind quarters to support and minister to it. How have they been attained, and how can they be further perfected? By always breeding from the cow having this development, and from the bull descended from such a mother. More and more these perfections will increase as they descend from mother to child, until at last the greatest possible milk producer is reached, if, indeed, it be not already. Possibly an individual cow may have reached the limit in this direction; but what we need now is the certainty that *every* calf will grow to be such a cow. We want not that one, but that every cow shall give thirty quarts in summer and twenty in winter, then we will agree to stop awhile. Observe, *both* parents should have health, and both should have these posterior developments. By using due care, these properties will become so fixed as to be continued with certainty to the descendants.

So little attention has been given to this matter in this country, that our great milk-raisers say, "We know nothing about breeds; we prefer the native cow." And what is the "native cow?" As early as 1609, it is supposed, cattle were brought from England into Virginia; in 1624 into New England; in 1625 into New York from Holland; in 1627 into the Delaware country from Sweden; in 1631 into New Hampshire, &c., &c. All these, coming from various sources, have been mingled in every possible way, and are now known here as "natives." They have no distinctive peculiarities which they transmit; but in many cases care and climate and good food have produced from them excellent cows, and the "red oxen" of Connecticut are not easily equalled. The vast majority of our cows are of this kind, and are poor, and from these the milk-raisers are obliged to select. What do our milkmen look for in selecting milk-giving cows?

The first appearance, to a judge, will convey an impression as to the health or constitution of the cow. He will ask, also, a bony frame, one that does not steal the fat from the milk; he will feel the skin, to find it flexible, and covered with close, softish hair; he will ask for good lung room, a capacious belly, a wide rump, and a well-developed bag covered with soft hair. Extending from this bag forward he will be desirous to see prominent the two great veins which lose themselves in the belly; and on the back of the udder he will look for many well-defined branching veins. Then comes Guenon's "milk mirror," which is a broad strip of hair running up from the udder to the vulva, which he considered the one thing needful; but which has not, in this country, been found an infallible test, though it is a good one. If, in addition, the cow is gentle, good tempered, you are almost sure of a milk-maker. Look for that kind.

A vague idea seems to prevail with some that a good cow makes her milk in some mysterious way, drawing it from the depths of her moral consciousness, rather than from the food which she puts into her machine. Some farmers seem to act upon this theory, and thus take pains *not* to supply their cows with plenty of good succulent food. Verily, these Sol Silcox farmers have their reward; their cows look meanly, feel meanly, and give as little milk as possible. These men take no prizes at agricultural festivals, they envy those who do, and they are apt to be slow about paying up their grocers' bills. There are a number of them about the country, but we trust the last will soon die out.

A good cow deserves a better man than that. A good cow does her utmost to minister to our pleasure and profit, and deserves careful and good treatment. Remember that, after a sort, she is violating her nature to please us. The natural or wild cow gives milk to suckle her young for a few months, and then runs dry some eight or nine months of the year; while our cow gives her milk for ten months in the year without ceasing. We deprive her of the pleasure of suckling her young, and say to her: "Grind up this fodder into milk for us—work!" and she does it, producing for us some three thousand quarts of milk per year. We have induced her to forego her own pleasure, to forget her child and to work for us; and, for my part, I hold her to be a lovely beast. He, therefore, who strikes a cow, or kicks a cow, or starves a cow, deserves the stick, the kick, and starvation. When I am king, I propose to myself to keep, for such fellows' use, a breezy knoll, wind always north, thermometer at ten degrees, a gentle sleety rain seasoned with hail, a four-rail fence, mostly tumbled down; in this delicious retreat I propose to allow the Sol Silcoxes to stand, without overcoats, with their backs up and heads down; there they can chew their cuds, and perhaps find them sweet—as the good cows do not.

What we ask the cow to do, and what she does do, is to convert cheap or uninviting food into good and dear food. That is, we put into a cow, per day, say

Twenty pounds of hay, at one-half cent,	10
Nine pounds of sprouts or meal, at 2 cts.	18
Total,	28

and we ask her to produce from it ten quarts of nice milk, worth, at six and a half cents, some sixty or sixty-five cents. Now, the cow does not wish to do this, she wishes to suckle her calf, to lick it and play with it, and then to wander at her own sweet will along the meadows and bushy pastures. But she foregoes her own wishes, and pleases us; and more than that she does it kindly and serenely. Is she not then a most lovely beast?—*The Galaxy.*

RECEIPTS.

Cheap Pea Soup.—Put into the iron pot two ounces of dripping, one quarter of a pound of bacon cut into dice, two good onions sliced; fry them gently until brownish, and then add one large or two small turnips, the same of carrots, one leek, and one head of celery, all cut thin and slanting; (if all these cannot be obtained, use any of them, but about the same amount,) fry for ten minutes more, and then add seven quarts of water; boil up and add one pound and a half of split peas, simmer for two or three hours until reduced to a pulp, which depends on the quality of the peas, then add two tablespoonfuls of salt, one of sugar, one of dried mint; mix half a pound of flour, smooth, into a pint of water, stir it well, pour in the soup, boil thirty minutes, and serve.

Codfish Balls.—Pick up as fine as possible a teacup of nice white codfish. Freshen all night, or if wanted for any other meal than breakfast, from the morning; scald it once, and drain off the water. Put it in the chopping-bowl, chop and work it until entirely fine; put it in a basin with water, a bit of butter the size of an egg, and two eggs; beat it thoroughly, and heat it until it thickens, without boiling. It should, when all is mixed, be about a quart. Have some potatoes ready prepared and nicely mashed, work the fish and potatoes thoroughly together as above, make it in flat cakes, and brown both sides. This is a very nice dish, as all who have tried it allow.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 6, 11, 5, 18, 9, is a part of the human body.
My 18, 5, 4, 8, is indispensable.
My 1, 4, 16, 8, is a wild animal.
My 3, 11, 5, 18, is a word of affection.
My 9, 6, 11, 2, is a pronoun.
My 13, 5, 5, 3, is a fish.
My 5, 8, 9, is an insect.
My 16, 8, 4, 16, 8, is a vegetable.
My 8, 16, 1, 8, is a part of speech.
My 4, 18, 16, 8, is a common metal.
My 7, 8, 9, is a relative.
My 8, 11, 9, is used by fishermen.
My 9, 6, 18, 20, is a number.
My 13, 5, 8, 3, is a kind of earth.
My 2, 5, 13, 8, is a woolen thread.
My 3, 16, 1, 10, 5, 18, is a piece of money.
My 10, 5, 8, 11, is a kind of wood.
My 15, 4, 8, is an intoxicating drink.
My 6, 5, 4, 1, is an exclamation.
My 9, 6, 11, 16, 18, 21, is that for which bigots fight, learned fools wrangle, and wise men laugh.
My whole is the name of a favorite poetess.

WINNIE S. GAULT.

Enigma.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 5, 9, 12, 4, is a cape of Siberia.
My 6, 17, 11, 18, is a lake of North America.
My 18, 5, 6, is a river of the United States.
My 16, 21, 18, 7, is a hill of Maine.
My 15, 2, 6, 17, 7, is a town of New York.
My 16, 21, 8, is a river of Virginia.
My 16, 21, 20, 15, 18, is a town of China.
My 2, 10, 20, 17, is a town of France.
My 13, 1, 14, 15, is a town of Russia.
My 5, 11, 20, is an abbreviation.
My whole is a great and powerful nation.

W. LEE.

Astronomical Problem.

This year, Easter comes on the 28th of March. When will it come on the 28th of March again? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

There are three numbers, such, that if the product of the first and second be added to the third the sum will be 3,500; if the product of the first and third be added to the second, the sum will be 6,790; and if the product of the second and third be added to the first, the sum will be 9,848. What are the numbers?

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

Four persons, A, B, C, and D, are living in the following respect to each other: From A to B distance 168 perches, having a straight public road from one to the other. C is not living on said road, but 64 perches at the nearest point thereto aside from the same, leading out to it by a lane, meeting said road perpendicularly at right angles between A and B—(nearer to A than to B.) D is living in that particular spot between the three others that his distance to each of these, his three neighbors, is alike—viz.: to each of them 85 perches. From this particular description and given distances it is expected that mathematicians will be able to find what the true direct distances from C to both A and to B will be. Who will tell?

AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When may we think a woman is past recovery? Ans.—When she is speechless.

☞ Why is an incorrect writer like a peace-making man? Ans.—Because he *rights wrong*, (writes wrong.)

☞ Why is it said, "It is better to have a bad wife than a good one?" Ans.—She brings one soonest to repentance.

☞ Why is the Czar of all the Russias like Christmas? Ans.—He is an enemy to Turkey.

Answer to Last.

ORIGINAL RIDDLE—The seven vowels.

Spiced Tripe.—Take fresh tripe, cut it up in pieces four or five inches square; take an earthen jar, put in a layer of tripe, then sprinkle a few cloves, allspice and peppers (whole) over it; then another layer of tripe, then spice, and so on till the jar is full; take good vinegar, scald it, pour over it, filling the jar full; cover it up and stand it away in a cool place for a few days, until it tastes of the spice, then serve it up cold, for supper or any other meal. It is an excellent relish.

Lemon Macaroons.—Rub off the rind from a large fine lemon on lumps of loaf-sugar; roll the sugar, and add enough of powdered loaf-sugar to make a quarter of a pound. Then strain the lemon juice through a strainer. Beat light four eggs, stir the sugar in the eggs, and beat well. Then add the lemon juice, and three large heaping tablespoonfuls of flour; mix the whole thoroughly. It must be thick enough to form into balls; if not, add flour until it will. Moisten your hands with cold water, and form the paste into balls the size of a plum; lay them on buttered papers and bake without browning. You will be obliged to try one, to see if it is done. As soon as done, remove them from the paper with a knife.

Orange Macaroons.—Make in the same manner, using the rind of half an orange, and the juice of one.

Imitation Cocoanut Pudding.—Take twelve eggs beaten separately and light, a quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, and corn-meal enough to make the batter of the consistency of pudding-batter. Bake as cocoanut pudding.

Cocoanut Cake.—One pound of grated cocoanut, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, six well-beaten eggs, and half a pound of flour; add the cocoanut to the cake just before it goes into the oven.

Whiskey in Heaven.—A priest, telling an Irishman of the beauties of Heaven:

Irishman—Faith, and do they kape any whiskey there?

Priest—O, no, they are happy without drinking.

Irishman—I did not spake of drinking, but it looks dacent to see a drop of the crathur on the table, whether ye taste him or not.